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"OVER THE WAY."

No fresh, young beauty, laughing-eyed,
Who reckons lovers by the score,
But just a sweet old maid, who died
While I was yet in pinafore.

She lived upon the shady side
Of that old-fashioned country street;
A spreading chestnut greenly tried
To screen the door of her retreat.

A tiny garden, trim and square;
A snowy flight of steps above;
And sweet suggestions in the air,
Of all the flowers the poets love.

Within the trellised porch there hung
A parrot in a burnished cage;
A foolish bird, whose mocking tongue
Burlesqued the piping tones of age.

A branching apple-tree o'erspread
A rickety old garden seat;
No apples sure were e'er so red!
Or since have tasted half as sweet!

In Memory's enchanted land,
I see the gentle spinster yet,
With watering-pot in mittened hand,
Gaze proudly at her mignonette.

And when the spring had grown to June,
She'd sit beneath the apple-tree,
And dream away the afternoon,
With some quaint volume on her knee—

A gray-robed vision of repose,
A pleasant thought in Quaker guise;
For truly she was one of those
Who carry heaven in their eyes.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

Chambers' Journal.

UNGRANTED.

WHERE do they go to—the ungranted prayers,
The baffled hope, lost love, and wasted
yearning;

The sweet vain dreams, the patient slighted
cares,

Cast on the tireless tide that has no turning?
The sleepless nights, the weary, anxious days,
The eager joy that blossoms but for blight-
ing,

The mocking gleams that glitter on our ways,
To vanish in one moment of delighting?

Are they stored up in some great solemn
bank,

Where Time holds for Eternity the key?
As the rich hues, that in the westward sank,
May sleep, enshrined beneath the sleeping
sea?

Or do they, blended in a gracious breath,
Pervade the atmosphere of common life,
Softening the terror of the doom of death,
Lulling the fret and fever of the strife?

Who knows, who knows? Our darlings from
us glide:

Imploring clasp and passionate prayer are
vain;

Our trust betrayed, missed aim, or shattered
pride,

The great dumb river sweeps them to the
main.

And yet, for something every gift is given,
Through age on age, so priest and poet
saith.

Cling fast, fond hands; look up, true eyes, to
heaven:

Through dusk and doubt hold to the saving
faith!

SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

Tinsley's Magazine.

FLAXEN AND BROWN AND GOLD.

THREE little curls I hold to-night,

Flaxen and brown and gold.

Tears fall over the tissue white

That gathers them in its fold,

As I unwrap them one by one,

Flaxen and brown and gold.

Flaxen and brown and gold, so fair,

Clustered on pillows white,

Damp with the dews that gathered there,

Lay in one room all night.

Hearts seemed breaking when broke the morn

Over that lovely sight.

So they went out of our house alone,

Leaving it cold and bare;

Then I unfolded, one by one,

These little curls of hair;

Heart too full of its bitterness,

Soul too full for a prayer!

Three little heads press close to-night

Pillows all still and cold;

Three little forms, in robes of white,

Under the turf and mould;

Three little brows that used to wear

Flaxen and brown and gold.

These are the treasures left to me,

All of my babes to hold;

But when I near the waves and see

Heavenly gates unfold,

Their little brows I know will look

Fairer 'neath crowns of gold.

Transcript.

From The Contemporary Review.
OLD AND NEW CANONS OF POETICAL
CRITICISM.

I.

WHEN men have been long engaged in a discussion that seems to hold out no promise of a definite conclusion, the suspicion is naturally engendered that the endlessness of the controversy is caused by the too vague apprehension of the matter in dispute. Thence arises a craving for some definition that shall not be vague, but as particular and precise as the nature of the subject and the inherent infirmities of language will permit.

I fancy some such craving has arisen in connection with the controversies that have for some time been current concerning the respective merits of the English poets of this century who are silent in their graves. Few will doubt that there are at least three of these to each of whom in turn precedence is given over the other two by critics who are one and all entitled to an opinion, and who may fairly demand a hearing on this interesting theme. Byron, Shelley, and Wordsworth are the illustrious trio whose rival claims have caused and still support the controversy. Mr. Matthew Arnold has just pronounced, in explicit terms, in favor of Wordsworth. I imagine Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Rossetti, and others, would confer the palm upon Shelley. Finally, there are some of us who would be disposed to place Byron before either.

I do not propose in this paper to offer any direct contribution to that controversy. My purpose rather is to inquire whether it be possible to define what poetry peculiarly is, what is its main and distinguishing function, and upon what, principally, the greatness and superiority of the poet depend. It is obvious that if nothing of the kind be possible, then one man's opinion about poets and poetry is as good and as authoritative as another's, and all our attempted estimates resolve themselves into the mere rival assertions, "I like this," "I prefer that."

That I am not alone in thinking some more exact definition of the main function of the poet is required than we at present seem to possess, may be gathered from

the fact that Mr. Matthew Arnold has been endeavoring to provide us with one. Had he been successful in the attempt, there would have been no room for further observation. Unfortunately the new canon Mr. Arnold advances concerning poetry, should it gain acceptance, will, it seems to me, only make confusion worse confounded. This may appear a bold thing to say of an attempt to assist our perplexity made by one who is both a poet of distinction and a critic of eminence. But I can only state my reasons for that conclusion, and leave it to others to decide whether the fresh difficulties Mr. Arnold has created, for me at least, are fanciful or not.

Mr. Arnold is a singularly circumspect writer; and evidently it is with repugnance that he commits himself to a definite statement. He has written some of the most agreeable prose volumes of our time; in which he has let his consciousness play freely about the ideas of other people, whilst more or less concealing his own behind a fascinating veil. An instance of what I mean may be found at page 67 of "Culture and Anarchy," a work I should think no one ever opens without enjoying the luxury of an intellectual smile. It is a delightful volume, and makes much notable folly look more foolish than ever. But, probably, its own drift is anarchic, for, whilst rendering many nonsensical opinions untenable, it scarcely offers anything sensible in their place. After arguing that we want a principle of authority, to counteract the tendency to anarchy that seems to be threatening us, Mr. Arnold observes:—

But how to organize this authority, or to what hands to trust the wielding of it? How to get your State, summing up the right reason of the community, and giving effect to it, as circumstances may require, with vigor? And here I think I see my enemies waiting for me with a hungry joy in their eyes. But I shall elude them.

In effect, he does elude them. But how does he elude them? By alluding to the difficulty, which is the kernel of the question, no more; and by being so entertaining for two hundred pages further, that

most readers doubtless forget the question ever arose.

The new canon upon poetry which Mr. Arnold invites us to accept is, that poetry is a criticism of life, and that those poets are the greatest whose criticism of life is the most healthy and the most true. I dare say the canon, put thus explicitly, will not altogether recommend itself to its own author. But I think I shall be able to show that this is the theory he really propounds; and that if it is to be modified it must disappear altogether, and so cease to be of any avail as a weapon of criticism, for which purpose it was avowedly forged.

The schoolmen of the Middle Ages, for whom many persons in the nineteenth century entertain a contempt which I am sure Mr. Arnold does not share, laid down that a definition, to be of much use, should be both "inclusive" and "exclusive," therein repeating an observation made many centuries earlier by logicians equally cautious. In other words, a definition should include all the peculiar and essential qualities of the thing defined, and these should be qualities excluded from the definition of any other thing. To say, for example, of a horse, that it is an animal with four legs, is not to help to define it, because cows, sheep, and many other animals, have likewise four legs. In the same way, to say of poetry that it is a criticism of life, is to offer no help towards the definition of poetry, seeing, as Mr. Arnold confesses, that in so far as it is true at all, it is equally true of prose. "The end and aim of all literature," he says, "is, if one considers it attentively, nothing but that — a criticism of life;" and then he is forced to add, "We are not brought much on our way, I admit, towards an adequate definition of poetry, as distinguished from prose, by that truth."

It will perhaps seem to many readers that this candid confession ends the controversy, and that we ought to be satisfied with this graceful withdrawal by Mr. Arnold of his own canon. As a fact, however, he does not withdraw it, but goes on battling gallantly to save it, by presenting it in other ways, and with less

defined features. He begs us to observe that "the noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness, and that a great poet receives his distinctive character of superiority from his application, under the conditions immutably fixed by the laws of poetic beauty and poetic truth, from his application, I say, to his subject, whatever it may be, of the ideas on man, on nature, and on human life, which he has acquired for himself." It is not easy for a careful reader either to assent or to object to these assertions; they are so inconveniently vague. But Mr. Arnold intends them, not as a recantation of the canon that poetry is a criticism of life, but as that canon writ large; written so large in fact, as to make it difficult to decide where the essential point really lies. It is possible that, just as in the passage from "Culture and Anarchy," he again said to himself, "Here I think I see my enemies waiting for me with a hungry joy in their eyes. But I shall elude them."

On this occasion, however, he does not elude his enemies, or, as it would be more proper to put it, his humble admirers, who are waiting with a hungry joy for instruction at the hand of so consummate a master. For here the sportive workings of his own mind bring his consciousness to bay, and after a good long pursuit the canon about poetry being a criticism of life is at last run to earth in the following significant passage:—

Where, then, is Wordsworth's superiority? for the worth of what he has given us in poetry I hold to be greater, on the whole, than the worth of what Leopardi has given us. . . . As compared with Leopardi, Wordsworth, though at many points less lucid, though far less a master of style, far less of an artist, gains so much by his criticism of life being, in certain matters of profound importance, healthful and true, whereas Leopardi's pessimism is not, that the value of Wordsworth's poetry, on the whole, stands higher for us than that of Leopardi.

Here we have the canon arrived at maturity, and raised to the dignity and efficacy of a dogma. In fact, Mr. Arnold has, I submit, advanced two propositions:—

1st. *That poetry is a criticism of life.*

2nd. *That the relative greatness of a poet mainly depends on the healthfulness and truth of his criticism of life.*

Against these two propositions I will ask leave to contend:—

1st. *That poetry is not a criticism of life, in any natural and previously accepted sense of the word criticism and the word life.*

2nd. *That to make the relative greatness of a poet depend upon the healthfulness and truth of his criticism of life, is to place the estimate of his poetry at the mercy of the opinion of anybody and everybody as to what is a true and healthy criticism of life, about which no consensus exists.*

3rd. *That in proportion as a poet occupies himself in his poetry mainly with a criticism of life, to that extent he injures his chance of being a great poet.*

Since every controversy must turn in some measure upon the signification of the words employed, I think it is not captious to ask that familiar words should carry a familiar meaning. Previously, therefore, to inquiring whether poetry be a criticism of life, it is necessary to ascertain what is the meaning of the word life, and what the meaning of the word criticism. The meaning I have always found attached to these words is as follows:—

Life is the sum total of the sensations and actions of mankind; in other words, whatever men perceive, feel, think, or do. Criticism is forming and pronouncing a judgment upon something or other; and criticism of life, therefore, is passing a judgment upon life.

Now, is poetry, or, in other words, is the main and special function of the poet, passing a judgment upon life? If it is, let us see what follows.

No one will pretend that a consistent, homogeneous judgment or estimate of life can be extracted from a perusal of all the poets with whom readers of poetry are most familiar. Indeed, I doubt if any class of writers leave so contradictory and confusing an impression of life upon the mind as the poets. Historians differ, metaphysicians dispute, and doctors notoriously disagree. But I should say that

all of these are remarkable for agreement, as compared with poets. Take five such poems, for example, as the "*De Naturâ Rerum*" of Lucretius, the "*Divina Commedia*" of Dante, Pope's "Essay on Man," Wordsworth's "Excursion," and Byron's "Don Juan." If these five poets, in these five poems, be passing a judgment upon life, all one can say is the impression left by their judgments, if they were intended for such, is to preclude the reader from forming a consistent judgment upon life at all.

That this fact constitutes no cause of reproach against these poets, I trust we shall perceive in due course. But, for the present, what is the inference to be drawn from it? Obviously it is this. If poetry be a criticism, in other words, a judgment upon, or estimate of, life, and poets form different estimates and pass different judgments, what next becomes necessary? Either we must agree to let them disagree, or we must ourselves create a court of appeal, to decide which estimate is the most correct and whose judgment is nearest to the truth.

Now let us mark what follows from this unavoidable alternative. If we agree to let them disagree, then the proposition that poetry is the passing of a judgment upon life, intended as a canon of criticism and an instrument or measure for testing the relative greatness of poets, falls to the ground, and is of no avail. If, in consequence of their disagreement, we appeal to a higher court, where shall we find it? Shall the judges be selected from among our philosophers? Philosophy has not yet found its first cause, or its final end. The languages spoken amid the wreck of the Tower of Babel had more resemblance than the verdicts of philosophy, for at least they had a common root. Shall we pick our judges from practical moralists? Even if these entirely agreed, which they do not, and if they could be brought to determine whether morality be intuitive and self-dependent, or inductive and utilitarian, I should still have to observe that life—that is to say, all that men perceive, feel, think, and do—is considerably more extensive, and covers far more ground, than practical morality. I confess I am

unable to suggest or indicate any other body of men who would provide the contemporaneous authority of which we are in search. Like "your State summing up the right reason of the community," as declared to be the object of quest in "Culture and Anarchy," but unhappily not discovered, it "eludes" us, and our "hungry joy" is changed into hungry disappointment.

Many illustrations might be borrowed from the poets themselves to fortify this conclusion; but a few will suffice. What are we to say of the "*De Rerum Naturâ*"? Is it healthful and true? To many people, probably to most, it is at best only a fine piece of paganism, not true, and therefore not healthy. In the eyes of some orthodox Protestants, the "*Divina Commedia*" is necessarily a mass of beautiful, and not always beautiful, superstition. If any one will turn to the edition of Pope's works, begun by Mr. Elwin, and now being so ably continued by Mr. Courthope, he will be puzzled to find that divines, not open to any charge of heterodoxy, have pronounced the "Essay on Man" to be what Pope declared he meant it for, a vindication of the ways of God, while others, equally sound on the theological side, protest that "an infidel who hated divines and divinity with all his heart dictated its doctrines." This is Mr. Elwin's opinion, and he evidently inclines to think the poetry of the poem not much better than its philosophy. Dugald Stewart, on the contrary, a man not prone to rash enthusiasm, affirmed that the "Essay on Man" is the noblest specimen of philosophical poetry which our language affords, and with the exception of a very few passages, contains a valuable summary of all that human reason has been able hitherto to advance in justification of the moral government of God." Bowles, more circumspectly, affirmed that the poem "will continue to charm from the music of its verse, the splendor of its diction, and the beauty of its illustrations, when the philosophy that gave rise to it, like the coarse manure that fed the flowers, is perceived and remembered no more." It may be suspected, however, from what we have seen, that a great many people who dislike the philosophy of the "Essay on Man," its view of the relations of God to ourselves, in other words, those who dislike its criticism or estimate of one of the chief things appertaining to life, will look somewhat coldly on its verse, its diction, and its illustrations. In "Don Juan" there are numer-

ous observations upon life, and if we are to regard them, in their entirety, so far as entirety can be predicated of them, as criticisms of life, most persons would find themselves in this dilemma, *vis-à-vis* of Mr. Arnold's canon, that the views expressed in "Don Juan" are perhaps true, but are certainly not healthy. "The Excursion," like the "Essay on Man," generally passes for orthodox with the unwary; partly because a poet not flagrantly heretical is too uncommon a phenomenon for his opinions to incur searching examination by the orthodox, and "in the kingdom of the blind one-eyed people are kings," partly because Wordsworth led a blameless life, and is assumed to be right since he meant well. Yet Mr. Arnold himself dismisses Wordsworth's philosophy with curt ceremony, and, what is stranger still, said long ago of the poet whom he now ranks so highly, precisely "on account of his criticism of life," that

Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
From half of human fate.

Many of my readers will remember the passage, and to recall it is likewise to remind ourselves that in the poem from which it is taken Mr. Arnold spoke of Sophocles as one

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.

What would the Christian critic of life say to this, seeing that, when Sophocles wrote, Christianity had not yet been heard of?

It would appear, therefore, that in their criticism of life poets have differed materially, and that, upon the question whether any particular poet's criticism of life be healthful and true or the reverse, or healthful and not true, or true and not healthful, there is a like divergence and an equal variety of opinion. What is the unavoidable conclusion? Surely that the canon which would represent poetry as a criticism of life, and would make the relative greatness and superiority of a poet turn upon his criticism of life, far from lending us any fresh light, gravely darkens counsel; and, worse than this, that it tends to confirm the pernicious habit only too common amongst us already, of estimating writers rather by what they say than by the consideration of how they say it; in other words, rather by what we want them, than by what they intend, to offer us.

For if Mr. Arnold will think of it, is it not the fact that he has unintentionally embodied, and stamped with his high

authority, the unconscious standard by which most people judge not of poets and poetry alone, but of pictures, statues, music, in a word, of any production of art? They estimate works of art, for the most part, according as these seem to agree with and promote, or to conflict with and oppose, what for the moment I will call their prejudices. I think Mr. Arnold will scarcely doubt that there are many men of the world who think Pope a far greater poet than discriminating criticism could allow him to be, simply because he writes about the themes that interest them most, and takes just about as imaginative a view of men and things as accomplished men of the world, who are nothing else, are able to take. Again, I fancy he would not deny that many cultivated, tender-hearted women have admired the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, and, let us say, some of the poorer and more commonplace portions of the poetry of Byron, more than those compositions deserve to be admired, because these precisely represent what they, at the moment of reading, themselves happened to be feeling. It is this that makes Pollok's "Course of Time" such agreeable reading to some persons, and that has obtained for the works of Mr. Tupper so wide a circulation and so much popularity. Nay, as Mr. Arnold himself points out, "the fervent Wordsworthian will add, as Mr. Leslie Stephen does, that Wordsworth's poetry is precious, because his philosophy is sound;" and if so lettered a reader, so clear a thinker, and so shrewd a critic as Mr. Leslie Stephen, can judge in this manner, is it wonderful that the world at large, the admirers of Pollok, the worshippers of Mr. Tupper, should judge in this manner? It may be thought that to adduce the instance of Mr. Tupper is to trifle with the question, or at least to import into the discussion of it that peculiar form of prejudice which is usually engendered by the ridiculous. But I would submit that the persons who think Mr. Tupper's "poetry precious because his philosophy is sound," and the persons who think Wordsworth's poetry precious because *his* philosophy is sound, are, as the phrase is, tarred with the same brush. They are both measuring poetry by a wrong and irrelevant standard, both weighing the finest and most delicate of all things in the clumsiest and most inaccurate of all balances. But I should have thought that "philosophy" and "criticism of life" are as near to being interchangeable terms as one can well

get; and it is precisely because I think with Mr. Arnold that the dictum which declared Wordsworth's poetry to be precious because his philosophy is sound an unfortunate dictum, that I cannot help thinking Mr. Arnold's own dictum that Wordsworth is a greater poet than Leopardi because his criticism of life is more healthy and true than Leopardi's, also an unfortunate dictum. Indeed, Mr. Arnold seems to me, in effect, to propound, and in the passage relating to Wordsworth and Leopardi to propound in explicit terms, the very canon he deprecates when advanced by others.

It will perhaps be remembered that I proposed to establish three propositions; and I would submit that the second of these, *That to make the relative greatness of a poet depend upon the healthfulness and truth of his criticism of life is to place the estimate of his poetry at the mercy of the opinion of anybody and everybody as to what is a true and healthful criticism of life, about which no consensus exists*, has in the course of the foregoing observations been established. If we look at poetry, taken in its entirety, as a criticism of life, we shall find in its music, which we have been accustomed to think so harmonious, but "sweet bells jangled." If we look at the poets separately, and attempt to allot them their places in the poetic hierarchy according to the truth and healthfulness with which they individually seem to have criticised life, then we must make ourselves judges of what is true and healthful criticism of life, which is to leave us the victims of our own social prejudices and theological prepossessions, or to compel us to seek for other and better-agreed judges elsewhere, and these are not to be found. The amazing conclusions to which men of large capacity and lofty judgment have been led in their literary criticisms by their own particular criticism of life should serve as a warning to less gifted and less impartial persons. It led Frederick Schlegel to place Calderon above Shakespeare. Had he confined himself to stating his conclusion we might have felt perplexed. Fortunately for us, if unfortunately for himself, he has given the reasons that convinced him. Here they are:—

The second place in the scale of dramatic art is due to effective representations of human passion where the deeper shades and springs of action are portrayed; a delineation of characteristics, not individual, but general, of the world and of life, in manifold variety, their in-

consistencies and perplexing intricacies; in a world, a picture of man and his existence, recognized as an enigma and treated as such. Did the aim of dramatic art purely consist of these important significant characteristics, not only would Shakespeare be entitled to rank as the first dramatist in the world, but there could scarcely be found a single poet, ancient or modern, worthy for a moment to be compared with him. But I conceive that the stage has another and a loftier aim. Instead of merely describing the enigma of existence, it should also *solve* it; extricate life from the tangled impression of the present, and conduct it through the crisis of development to its final issue. Its penetrating glance thus extends to the realms of futurity, where every hidden thing becomes exposed to view, and the most complicated web unravelled; raising the mortal veil, it permits us to scan the secrets of an invisible world, reflected from the mirror of a seer's fancy; it shows the soul how the inner life is formed by outward conflict, which results in the decisive victory of the immortal over the mortal. (Lectures on the History of Literature Ancient and Modern, by Frederick Schlegel. Lecture XII.)

The conclusion is, that Calderon, of all dramatic poets, is the most Christian, the most romantic, and the most eminent. Does the reader feel astonished? If so, I can lessen his surprise in an instant. Just before delivering these lectures, Schlegel asked to be admitted to the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church. He was perfectly entitled, indeed he was bound in that respect, to act up to his own criticism of life, and he did so. Unfortunately, he applied his criticism of life, which is a guide no man can discard in his choice of a creed, to his criticism of dramatic poets, with the singular result I have quoted.

Nay, surprising as it may seem, does not Mr. Arnold himself furnish us with another instance, almost as remarkable as that of Frederick Schlegel, of the danger of approaching poetry with the bias inevitably engendered of a tenacious attachment to one's own criticism of life? "I doubt," is Mr. Arnold's most recent dictum upon the subject, "whether Shelley's delightful essays and letters, which deserve to be far more read than they are now, will not resist the wear and tear of time better, and finally come to stand higher, than his poetry."

Is there not here a marked confusion of thought? And how did it find its way into the mind of so clear a thinker? How can it possibly be said that a man's prose essays and letters are "higher than" his poetry, if his poetry be really poetry, and not designated such for mere cour-

tesy's sake, everybody knowing that it is mere verse, and of no account. Such a view of Shelley's poetry, I need hardly say, Mr. Arnold would shrink from stating. He may rank Wordsworth above Shelley, which he does and I do not; and he may rank Byron above Shelley, which he does, and which I do also, though with becoming deference to those who think differently. But it is impossible that he should not think Shelley a poet of dazzling distinction. Indeed, he says of him, most truly, "he is a beautiful and enchanting spirit, whose vision, when we call it up, has far more loveliness, more charm for our soul, than the vision of Byron."

This being so, I again ask how is it possible to compare Shelley's essays with Shelley's poetry, and pronounce the former as "higher"? We cannot even meet the assertion with a negative; for a comparison is instituted between two things that cannot be compared. One might as well say that a canal is higher than a stream, that a locomotive is higher than a horse, or that an elegant cabinet or a useful chest of drawers is higher than a plane-tree. The main object of an essay is to instruct or to convince, the main object of a poem is to move and to please; and the consequence is that, though an essay which seemed to instruct yesterday teaches nothing to-day, and one that is found convincing to-day will be found rank foolishness to-morrow, the best poetry, which moved and pleased the human heart two thousand years ago, is moving and delighting the human heart still, and will delight and move it so long as the human heart continues to beat. What will be the ultimate fate of Shelley's essays and letters, I will not venture to predict. But this may be safely said, that if they resist the wear and tear of time for any very long period, they will enjoy a longevity never before accorded to essays or letters, or to any human composition embodying criticisms of life; whereas the sun will never rise upon the day when "My soul is an enchanted boat," "I arise from dreams of thee," and "Lines written in Dejection at Naples," will fail to chasten the joy of the fortunate or sweeten the bitterness of the afflicted. Why is this? Surely the answer is patent. Human opinions shift, human creeds change, human dogmas are dethroned; but human feelings vary little if at all, and never abdicate or are finally expelled. This is why it may be said of poetry, as of the human heart, whose voice it is, "They shall perish, but thou shalt endure; yea,

all of them shall wax old like a garment ; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed. But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

How came Mr. Arnold to make so incongruous, indeed so impracticable, a comparison, and to pronounce so singular a judgment? I can account for it only on the assumption that, like Schlegel when judging Shakespeare and Calderon, he brought his criticism of life to bear upon the comparison and allowed it to mislead him. Thus guided, he found in Shelley's poetry "an incurable want of sound subject-matter," just as Schlegel finds in Shakespeare an incurable want of a solution of the enigma of the universe. That being so, Schlegel places Calderon above Shakespeare, and Mr. Arnold ranks Shelley's essays higher than Shelley's poetry. With all humility, I think each conclusion is a striking and valuable *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory that poetry is a criticism of life, and that a poet should be estimated by us according to the soundness and healthiness with which we happen to think life has been criticised by him.

Thus far, then, I think we have got: that if poetry be mainly a criticism of life, and if the relative greatness of a poet depends principally upon the truth and healthiness with which he criticises life, we are left without scales in which to weigh his greatness, and the canon or standard thus offered us turns out to be a pure mirage.

But can it not be shown, directly and explicitly, and not merely indirectly and by a *reductio ad absurdum* of an opposite assumption, that poetry is not, and the function of the poet is not, mainly a criticism of life? I think it can.

As a matter of course, a poet may criticise life, if he chooses; and, as a fact, poets have frequently done so. But does it therefore follow that criticism of life is, or should be, the main function of poetry? Let us consider a moment. Poets have written about love, and written about it very extensively; indeed, though there are poets who have not attempted to pass any serious judgment upon life, I doubt if the poet ever lived who has not at some time or another sung of the passion to which, alone, Anacreon declared he could tune the strings of his lyre; thereby, be it said in passing, allowing it to be seen what a second-rate lyre his was. But though love has been one of the most, perhaps the most, frequent of the themes of the poet, would it be correct to say that the

main function of poetry is to sing of love, and that he is the greatest poet who has sung of love the most truthfully and the most healthily? The same question might be asked concerning war, adventure, nature, the soul, country, all of them themes strikingly congenial to the emotions of the poet, but none of them, any more than love, constituting the *raison d'être* of poetry, or conferring upon the poet who sings of them most felicitously pre-eminence over his fellows.

At most, then, to criticise or pass judgment upon life, is only part of the business of poetry, an incidental function of the art, by no means its main occupation or its principal end. And why is it even part of the function of poetry to criticise life? In the answer to that question, we come upon the traces of the real truth of the matter. It is a part of the business of poetry to criticise life, because poetry is, not a criticism, but a representation of life; and criticism of life is part, though only part, of life itself.

If then, it be true, and I confess I can entertain no doubt upon the subject, that poetry is a representation of life, — what sort of representation I will attempt to define in due course, — does it not materially help us to discover how it came about that a critic of such eminence and penetration as Mr. Matthew Arnold should have inadvertently been betrayed into the dictum concerning poetry which it is impossible for us to accept? Every age has its *fetich*, its favorite idea, its pet pursuit, its ruling intellectual passion, its criticism or estimate of life. The mania — I do not use the word slightlying, but only in order to express what I mean — of the present age is a mania for criticising life. In other words, its criticism or estimate of life has led it to the conclusion that the chief intellectual business of life is to criticise or estimate life itself, to theorize about it, to speculate about it, to pry into its origin, to probe its purport, and to determine its end. Again I say I mean no gird at this tendency, at this estimate of the intellectual function of life. I am merely noting it, for I think it will help us on our way.

"An age," says a thoughtful writer, "is like climate. The harder may escape its influence in much, but the hardest will not escape its influence entirely." Doubtless Mr. Arnold is among the harder spirits of this age; but in respect of the particular influence we are considering, it is too congenial to his own constitution for him to have resisted it with marked

success. To remember that Mr. Arnold is a poet, and we all remember it, is to save us from forgetting that he is perforce capable of confronting life with sensations purely emotional. But even in the days when verse, not prose, was the vehicle of his mind, it was pretty evident that he was curious more than contemplative; questioning rather than impressionable; not so much scanning life receptively, in order afterwards to reproduce it, as viewing it in the light of a problem, the key to which had to be found. In fact, he was very much and very markedly the child of the age in which he was born, and it gave him that elastic india-rubber ring—the modern substitute for the more solid coral of our ancestors—criticism of life, to cut his intellectual teeth upon. Mr. Arnold still cherishes that relic of his infancy, and chewing the criticism of life is the occupation he still prescribes for us babes and sucklings over whose welfare he so usefully and unremittently watches.

Now against cutting the teeth of the intellect or the emotions upon criticisms of life, poetry, the most catholic and unprejudiced of all things, can have no possible objection. *Quidquid agunt homines* (using the word *agere* as meaning to think and feel as well as to act)—behold the subject-matter of poetry; and so long as men criticise life, so long will criticism of life interest the poet. But he cannot allow criticisms of life to interest him exclusively, or even mainly. Whatever wisdom or folly, whatever pang or calm, whatever quest or questioning, whatever hope or disillusion, whatever straining, stumbling, or recovery, falls to the experience of man, the poet contemplates with eyes of instant sympathy, ready to render yearning into music, joy into chorus, doubt into harmony, sorrow into song. But though he thrills with the emotions, apprehends the thoughts, scans the actions, and penetrates the motives of his fellow-men, he does not share their prejudices, and, above all, he cannot be shackled by their limitations. What to each one of them in turn is all, is to him only part. All the seasons are before him at once. No snows of winter can take the sound of spring out of his ears; no autumn leaves can cover up the smile of summer in his heart. The centuries are his, and the sepulchres. The dogmas that are dead he remembers; the creeds that are to come he foresees; for the gods to whom altars are being raised, for whom incense is being burnt, he has already written an enduring epi-

taph. The constellations move round and round, and he moves with them, singing the song of the winds, the thunders, and the never-ending tides. In his spacious dwelling-place, Opinion, like any other shivering wanderer, is free to enter, but only as a compassionated guest, and its place is below the salt. The theologians would fain capture him, and he laughs. The moralists would ensnare him, and he smiles. Society with one hand brings him provender, and with the other a halter, half-concealed, and he, because he is not without some sense of humor, sniffs, and perhaps even snatches the specious bait; but, before the noose is over him, with quick limbs of Pegasus he breaks away, and exults in the fulness of his freedom and his joy. He is for no man to drive, for no woman to ride, though to her call he will always come, and she may say gentle words to him, if she will, and lay her fair cheek against his unyieldable neck. He has a foot in every camp, but a resting-place in none. His life is a perpetual transmigration of soul; and when he sees the shield of Patroclus hanging upon the wall, he remembers that he was at Troy. He saw Jove born, he saw Pan die, he was standing on the shore when Venus flowered naked out of the foam. He was with Mary at the foot of the cross; he beheld Stephen stoned; and among his most precious treasures is the box from which Magdalen lavished her repentant spikenard. He is too happy to be utterly sad, too sad to be entirely happy. He is all things to all men. Like space, he is inside all things, and outside them too. As Pascal said of infinity, his centre is everywhere, his circumference nowhere. Like the wind, he will strike you any note, any crevice in your being craves for; but, like the wind, imprison him you cannot. He was not born for servitude, and he moves past creeds, systems, and criticisms of life, as a river rolls past hamlet and village, town and meadow, church and forest, solitude, uproar, and the slow feet of roaming lovers, singing to them all, taking from them all, but staying with none, and by none drained dry. For him the strongest fetters of logic are withs of the Philistines to break asunder, for there is nothing so illogical as the human heart. Is this your criticism of life? Then it shall be his. Is this *yours*? It shall be his also. But they do not agree; nay, they contradict each other. Do they indeed? Well, he will harmonize them; not by any other criticism of life, but by his "so potent

art." He has moments of divine intoxication, and then he sees all things double. When Edgar leads Gloucester to the edge of the supposed cliff at Dover, Gloucester kneels and exclaims:—

O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off.
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out.

But when, by Edgar's device, saved from self-destruction, he returns to his purpose with the observation,—

No farther, sir! a man may rot even here;
and Edgar responds,—

What! In ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither,
Ripeness is all! Come on!

what is Gloucester's reply?

And that's true too.

Not merely that it is true, but that it is true likewise, the other exactly opposite truth remaining equally true. Criticism of life! I think of the words of Lorenzo de Medici, in a speech from which I hardly like to quote, save that it seems so ready to my hand and so apt to our purpose,—

Life's a chameleon,
Whose color is fit argument for fools.

The poet, too, is a chameleon, and takes his hue from surrounding objects. To him everything is true that anybody believes. He is as chromatic as light; and, like the rainbow, he has shades of color the ordinary vision does not perceive. All the problems of life are present to him, and he consorts perpetually with the enigmas of the soul. But he solves them not; rather, he holds them in solution. He is an oracle, it is true, but he is profoundly Delphic; and those who take his utterances for full and final guidance risk being woefully misled. From the sacred cave from which he speaks smoke also emerges in abundance; and if you question him too closely, there is a chance, if he does not respond with a divine smile, that he will answer you with demoniac thunder. He will be your friend, your consoler, even your enlightener, if you will have it so, but never your lackey, your hireling, nor your ally. It was rigidly forbidden to the Amphictyonic States to appeal against each other to Delphi,

and the children of Apollo remember and observe the injunction of their sire.

Does all this seem irrelevant to the demonstration to which I am committed? If it does, I fancy I can show at once that it is strictly pertinent, and that we are now a good deal farther on our journey than we were. For though it may be true that there are poets to whom the foregoing description can be applied but partially, is there no poet of whose qualities and characteristics it is a strictly accurate and unexaggerated account? Who is not ready with the answer? It is true of Shakespeare. It is true of the greatest poet that ever lived.

Then mark what follows. We have already seen that it is not only useless but misleading to call poetry a criticism of life, and to declare that one poet is greater than another, because his criticism of life is more true and more healthy: useless, since there exists no consensus, either among poets or among their readers, as to what *is* true and healthy criticism of life; misleading, because it confirms and encourages the pernicious habit, already too prevalent, of estimating the poetic merits of poets according to the reader's individual estimate of what is true and what is healthy. And, now, what more do we see? That the greatest poet who ever lived is the poet of whom the foregoing passage may justly be written; the poet who thrilled with the emotions, apprehended the thoughts, scanned the actions, and penetrated the motives of his fellow-men, but did not share their prejudices and was not shackled by their limitations; the poet of whom it may be truly said that what to individual men is all was to him only part; the poet who made Opinion sit below the salt, the poet whom the theologians did not capture and whom moralists did not stall; the poet who had a foot in every camp and a resting-place in none; the poet who was indeed a chameleon, and took his hue from surrounding objects; the poet who never said "This is true," but only "That's true too;" the poet of whom Frederick Schlegel, with perfect accuracy, affirmed that he propounds problems and does not solve them, presenting only "a delineation of the characteristics of the world and life in manifold variety, with their inconsistencies and perplexing intricacies;" in a word, the poet who offers no criticism of life, but, with dispassionate intensity, projects from his steadily glowing mind a representation of it as motley as itself.

But if it be true of him who is confessedly the greatest of poets, that his poetry is not a criticism of life, but a representation of it, does it not raise a very strong presumption, to say the least of it, that poetry is not mainly a criticism of life; that the relative greatness of poets cannot properly be made to depend upon the truth and healthiness with which they have criticised life, even if we could agree what is a true and healthy criticism of life; and, finally, that in proportion as a poet occupies himself in his poetry with a definite and consistent criticism of life, to that extent he fetters his chance of being a great poet?

Here, perhaps, we had better pause. In another and concluding paper I will endeavor to show what sort of representation of life poetry is. In pursuing that investigation we shall perhaps provide ourselves with certain critical canons, raised above the bias of individual taste or the prevailing spirit of any current age, by referring to which we may ascertain with sufficient fairness and tolerable accuracy the rank of any particular writer in the poetic hierarchy.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

From Fraser's Magazine.
LABEDOYERE'S DOOM.

OF all Napoleon's victories the battle of Marengo is considered by military critics to have been, on the whole, the most brilliant in conception that he ever fought, as it certainly was one of the most fruitful in its results. Yet, after all, it may be said to have been won by a fluke. The passage of the Alps by the first consul took the ever-unready Austrians completely by surprise. Their forces were scattered among the fortresses of Lombardy and Piedmont, and their generals were disconcerted by the sudden apparition of Napoleon, and by the unexpected tactics which he pursued. Masséna, with a small French and Cisalpine garrison, was shut up in Genoa by an Austrian army and blockading squadron; and both he and the Austrians expected that Napoleon would march to the relief of the besieged garrison. Meanwhile the Austrian commander-in-chief, the Baron de Melas, was in Turin hurriedly collecting his forces. But, instead of marching on Genoa, Napoleon turned to the east and placed his army between the Austrians and their own fortresses. He entered

Milan and seized the passages of the Po and the Adda without firing a shot. Piacenza fell an easy prey, and in a few days Melas was completely cut off from his communications north of the Po. The Austrian commander was thus reduced to the dilemma of cutting his way through the French lines or making his escape to Genoa, Masséna having in the interval surrendered on condition of being allowed to retire with all his garrison. The besieging force, being thus released from Genoa, hastened to join Baron de Melas at Alessandria. But even then the Austrians could only muster thirty thousand men out of the eighty thousand which they had foolishly scattered in weak detachments all over Lombardy. Napoleon, whose force also was about thirty thousand, had his centre half-way between Piacenza and Alessandria. He made sure that Melas would retreat rapidly on Genoa, and he despatched accordingly the divisions of Desaix and Monnier to intercept him. But Melas did not retreat. He made up his mind to give Napoleon battle, and quietly awaited his approach at Alessandria. As soon as he discovered the mistake which Napoleon had made, he issued from his stronghold and flung his whole force against the weakened French line, first at Montebello, and then at Marengo. After seven hours' hard fighting, the French, in spite of Napoleon's exertions and Murat's brilliant charges, in spite also of the heroic stand made by the grenadiers of the Consular Guard, were driven into a narrow defile, where they were exposed to the Austrian artillery and almost surrounded by the Austrian infantry and cavalry. Having made his dispositions and secured, as he thought, his prey, the Austrian commander returned into Alessandria to take a little rest before summoning the French to surrender. So certain did he feel as to the issue of the battle that he sent out despatches announcing a victory. Meanwhile, however, the sound of the cannonade behind them had reached the ears of Desaix and Monnier, and caused them to hurry back to Marengo. They were met by a multitude of panic-stricken French fugitives, who declared that the battle was lost. "Then we will win another," gaily replied Desaix. The fugitives immediately turned back with him. The French, thus reinforced, instantly renewed the fight; and the Austrians, completely off their guard, were thrown into confusion by the suddenness of the onset, and Murat completed their overthrow by

one of his impetuous charges. The victory was dearly bought by the death of Desaix; but the prize which it yielded was magnificent. The Baron de Melas, utterly stupefied by so great a disaster after so signal a victory, sued for a truce, and agreed to purchase it by the surrender of Genoa and all the fortresses of Lombardy and Piedmont. He had probably no alternative; for he was completely severed from his communications, and his army was broken and demoralized.

The battle of Marengo was thus a turning-point in Napoleon's career. The fortunate return of Desaix at the critical moment saved the first consul from surrender or death. What a change in the map and history of Europe those few hours have made! Napoleon knew well the importance of securing to himself in the estimation of the French the sole credit of the victory of Marengo. He collected and destroyed every document which told the true story of the battle, and wrote his own account of it in a despatch which ascribed all the glory of victory and its stupendous consequences to his own genius and courage. To possess the French mind with his own story of Marengo was in fact to establish his ascendancy beyond the reach of all competitors.

But how was this to be accomplished? It did not take Napoleon long to decide that question. He had a favorite young *aide-de-camp*, Labédoyère by name, on whose zeal and devotion he could thoroughly rely. To him he entrusted the task of bearing the Napoleonic version of the battle of Marengo to Paris. Relays of fresh horses were ordered along the road, and Labédoyère was directed to ride by way of Genoa and the Riviera de Ponente, and proclaim along the coastline the last splendid achievement of the first consul's genius.

The battle of Marengo was fought on June 14, 1800, and on the morning of the following day young Labédoyère started for Paris. His ride as far as Avignon took him through some of the most splendid scenery in Europe; and it was then arrayed in all the loveliness of its summer garniture. Those who know Italy and the south of France in winter only can have but a very imperfect idea of their innumerable charms. In winter the Mediterranean looks very much like any other sea; sometimes, indeed, few seas can look more inhospitable and forbidding. But see it in its summer humor, beaming all over with "the multitudinous laughter of its waves" (*κυμάτων ἀνθρώπων γέλασμα*),

and no sea that I have seen can compare with it in ever-varying beauty. Stirred by the paddle of your steamer or the oar of your boat, its water sparkles with the color and brilliancy of sapphire. And sometimes you see innumerable shades of color chasing each other over its surface and blending harmoniously together like the plumage on a pigeon's breast. Nature never mixes her colors inharmoniously. The landscape, too, is only just beginning to array itself in its summer glory when the English visitors turn their backs upon it. Then it is also that the Italians come "out of their shells" and live their joyous outdoor life — deriving an exuberant happiness from the mere enjoyment of conscious existence, and seeming to ask nothing more of earth or sky than that the one should thus blossom, the other thus beam forever. It is in moments and amid scenes like those that death appears so unnatural a monster, rudely disturbing the harmony of the universe and cruelly divorcing the eternal alliance, in the primeval counsel of God, between life and happiness.

But Labédoyère had no time for such reflections. His orders were to have Napoleon's despatch published *in extenso* in Paris within nine days of his parting from the first consul, and to communicate a summary of its contents to the proper authorities in the principal places *en route*. This involved desperately hard riding, and left the young *aide-de-camp*, keenly sensitive as he was to the charms of natural scenery, no leisure for admiring the beautiful scenes through which he galloped. From Genoa to Nice he only paused once, except for the purpose of refreshment and changing horses; and that one pause nearly cost him his life. The shadows of evening were falling as he passed through Mentone, and before he had reached the summit of the mountain that separates Mentone from Nice the light of day had completely vanished before that of a full-orbed moon and stars in countless multitudes, and the sea below was so calm and smooth that it reflected the firmament as in a magic mirror.

A bend of the road brought Labédoyère in sudden view of the sea lying far beneath him, and gleaming tremulously in the light of the moon and stars. Monaco, with its twinkling lights, jutting out from the overhanging mountain, looked like a constellation just fallen from the sky and floating on the water. An ejaculation of delight escaped from the lips of Labédoyère, and he stopped to contemplate the

scene. Had "Thalaba" then been written, and he had known it, he might have clothed his thoughts in the following words:—

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven.
In full-orb'd glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night!

But Labédoyère's reverie was broken rudely, and almost fatally. His horse took fright at something or other, and made a violent bound, which threw its rider clean out of the saddle, and over the parapet. Fortunately for him, he was pitched into the midst of a thicket, which prevented his rolling down a declivity that led to the edge of a precipice. With no worse injury than some superficial scratches, he regained the road, where he found his horse standing quietly, though still trembling from the fright.

On the morning of June 23d Labédoyère arrived in Paris. He had accomplished his long ride well within the prescribed time. As he passed Notre-Dame about 8 A.M. the door of the cathedral was open, and the interior looked cool and refreshing, in striking contrast with the unsympathetic glare of the streets and the aching exhaustion of Labédoyère's weary limbs. Seized by a sudden impulse to refresh himself in the cool shade, and at the same time to return thanks to God for the safe accomplishment of his journey, he dismounted, handed the bridle of his horse to a bystander, and entered the church with his despatch-bag slung over his shoulder. He was, as far as he could see, the only occupant of the sacred building. But after a while a priest came out of the sacristy and began to say mass at one of the side altars. He was a venerable-looking old man, with scanty locks of white hair falling almost down to his shoulders. In figure he was tall and thin; but the most striking part of his person was his face. It was a handsome and noble face, but wore an expression of such hopeless yet unrepining sorrow as to impress Labédoyère with a vague feeling of mingled sympathy and terror. The old man's pensive gray eyes, too, when they turned in the direction of Labédoyère, seemed to be gazing so intently at something beyond,

that the young *aide-de-camp* could not help looking instinctively behind him. But there was nothing but the empty floor and the dead wall of the cathedral. And the voice of the priest, even in the low tone in which he said mass, had a weird, musical, pathetic wail in it. So that altogether Labédoyère felt fascinated, whether by attraction or repulsion he could hardly tell.

Meanwhile the priest, having administered the sacrament to himself, turned round to see if there were any intending communicants present. Labédoyère was the only person in the church, and he, still under the spell of those sad gray eyes, moved, half mechanically, towards the altar, and knelt down in front of the old priest, and received the sacrament. Then, just as he was rising to return to his seat, the old man whispered in his ear: "Young man, the soldier's calling is not favorable, in these days especially, to the vocation of a Christian. All the more do I rejoice that the darts of temptation, to which a soldier's life is so perilously exposed, have thus far glanced scathless off from your shield of faith and purity."

And as he said this a look of great pain flitted across the old man's face. But he continued: "I have been struck with your simple faith and unaffected devotion—qualities, alas! too rare nowadays in men of your years and calling. Is there anything I can do for you? for I should like to serve you."

Labédoyère, taken utterly aback, stammered out: "No, there is nothing." But instantly observing the priest's disappointed look, and unwilling to hurt his feelings, he asked: "But what do you mean? What kind of service do you speak of?"

"I have the gift of foretelling future events," said the old man. "Is there anything you would like to know as to your future life? Any danger which timely knowledge might avert? Any obstacle in the way of legitimate desire which I might help you to remove?"

Labédoyère, more for the sake of saying something than from any other cause, answered: "Well, if you really can see into the future, will you tell me how long I have to live?"

All this time the old man's eyes had a fixed, absent, anxious look, as if watching for some expected apparition. On hearing Labédoyère's question he started and waved his arms violently as if repelling some advancing object, while at the same time his face betokened extreme terror.

In a moment, however, he recovered his composure, and said to Labédoyère in a slightly agitated tone of voice, —

"I wish you had not asked me that question. And yet, perhaps, it is best as it is. Yes, yes; no doubt you have been sent to me for the very purpose of receiving this warning. You wish to know how long you have to live. I am commissioned to tell you that on this day twelvemonth, at midnight, you will die. And now, my son, since this is a danger which no foresight can avert, you must prepare yourself to meet it. You think me cruel" — this was said in answer to a look, half of terror, half of reproach, on the face of Labédoyère — "nay, my son, the message you have received through me has been sent to you in love. Think how many are called suddenly out of this life without a moment's preparation. Not that I would have you suppose that sudden death is necessarily in itself an evil, or that a sure warning of the day and hour of one's death is necessarily in itself a blessing. The moral rules of the unseen world are, no doubt, much the same as the moral rules of this. Take the case of a great man going to foreign parts for a season, and leaving his property and household in charge of his servants, who, the moment he is out of sight, neglect their work and waste their master's goods. One of them receives private information that the master is returning in a year's time, and he immediately discontinues all his evil practices, and sets himself diligently to his proper employment. Another is smitten with remorse just the day before the master's return, of which, however he has heard and knows nothing. *He* is converted from his evil ways by genuine sorrow and repentance, not from fear of punishment. But his master appears ere he has had time to do more than sincerely resolve to amend; while the other, who received private warning, has been behaving well for a whole year. If the master of these two servants could look into the heart of each, is it not certain that he would consider the few hours' repentance of the one worth more than the year's amendment of the other? In fact, the latter would have no moral value at all, for it is the motive that makes a moral act good or bad. Warning of death, therefore, is a distinct disadvantage to a being on probation unless it works a fundamental change, not simply in his conduct, but in his principles and motives. For the warning puts an end to the probation, and so far makes amendment less meritori-

ous, because less an outcome of the character within.

"But if the heart is true, a year's warning of one's end is a great blessing. It enables a man to wind up his worldly affairs, and to bring himself into such a frame of mind as befits the solemnity of the great change that is awaiting him; just as a loyal and zealous servant of an earthly king, if summoned into the royal presence, would assume a suitable dress and demeanor for presenting himself to his sovereign; though, if his king should think fit to visit him unawares, he would have no occasion to be ashamed or alarmed because he was in his working clothes and attending to his ordinary business. The best preparation for death is diligence in the task allotted to us. Go home, therefore, my son, and remember this day twelvemonth at midnight. But in the mean time neglect not the duties of your daily life."

It takes some time to write what the old priest said, but it took him very little time to say it. He then finished the service somewhat hurriedly, and disappeared into the sacristy.

Labédoyère, meanwhile, remained kneeling on the altar steps, dazed and stupefied. The disappearance of the priest recalled him to himself. He rose and moved slowly to the seat where he had left his cap and despatch-bag. Kneeling down, he buried his face in his hands, and made an effort to recall his wandering thoughts and assure himself that it was not all a dream. Being satisfied on that point, he next tried to persuade himself that the old priest was crazed, and had mistaken the aberration of an eccentric imagination for the inspiration of a divine message. But there was that in the voice, and look, and manner of the old man which would not square with this theory — something which Labédoyère felt, though he could not explain it, and of which he could not shake off the impression. He had a vivid presentiment that it would be perilous to disregard the warning so mysteriously given. "After all," he said, "my prudent course is to assume that the doom just pronounced on me will be fulfilled. No harm, at all events, can come of taking it for granted. If the prediction should come true, why, then, death at least will not take me by surprise. And if it should be falsified by the event, the fact of living for a whole year in sight of death, as it were, can hardly fail to have a salutary influence on my character. Let me see. I have a

year before me. If the old man spoke truth, I need not fear death in the interval. That, at least, is some compensation. I am young. I entered the army as a boy, and even now I am little more than a boy. My experience of life is only that of camps, and if I must indeed leave it so soon I should like to see a little more of it ere I go. I am resolved what to do. I will divide my year into two equal portions. The first half I shall devote to seeing what I can of life; the life of a great city; the life of women and children, of gaiety and brightness, as well as of soldiers hacking each other to pieces for the sake of 'glory.' But I should like to see the old priest once more. I must get his address, for he may be of use to me."

But the old priest had left the church, and Labédoyère could not discover anything about him, not even his name. The verger said he was a stranger, who had "asked for an altar at which to say his mass;" and nobody knew whence he had come or whither he had gone.

Labédoyère mounted his horse and went straight to his *appartement*, a set of plain but tastefully furnished chambers not far from Notre-Dame. After breakfast and a brief nap, he sallied out to arrange for the publication of Napoleon's despatch on the morrow. His next step was to resign his commission and leave the army.

The Parisians have always shown a wonderful alacrity in passing from the deepest despondency to the utmost gaiety. At the period of our story Paris was only emerging out of the gloom and agony of the Reign of Terror. It was but six years previously that Robespierre had closed his career on the scaffold to which he had sent so many others. But all that was forgotten in the buoyance of spirits caused by the wonderful success of the arms of France across the Alps and beyond the Rhine. Paris, moreover, was enriched by the spoils of the conquered cities of Italy. French savants accompanied the armies of Napoleon, and selected for transportation to Paris the masterpieces of art which adorned the public galleries, private houses, churches, and monasteries of every land which fell under the sway of the invader. Nor was the treasure levied in money alone inconsiderable. Not satisfied with compelling the invaded territory to pay the cost of the invasion, the French generals were ordered by the Directory to levy contributions for the use of the French govern-

ment. Napoleon is said to have sent fifty millions of francs to Paris as the fruit of his first campaign in Italy.

Paris was thus rich and gay and proud when Labédoyère plunged into the vortex of her pleasures. And he enjoyed them for a season with all the zest of inexperienced youth. The image of the old priest soon vanished from his memory, and with it the predicted doom. But they revenged themselves by returning by-and-by with tragical accessories. Labédoyère, as was natural to a man of his age and susceptible temperament, had fallen in love. Whether it was equally natural that he should have fallen in love with a woman considerably older than himself, by no means handsome, and remarkable for nothing in particular except an extremely shrewd intellect, a caustic wit, a diminutive body, and a splendid head of hair, is more than I can tell. She conquered Labédoyère through his vanity, of which he had a considerable bump. Of all the human passions vanity is undoubtedly the most prevalent, and probably, on the whole, the most pernicious both in its general results and in its action on the character which indulges in it. Its special home is commonly supposed to be the female heart; but I am not at all sure that the male heart is better proof against its subtle influences. Bunyan was once complimented on the eloquence of one of his sermons. "The devil told me that as I was coming down the pulpit stairs," replied the grand old Puritan. The sage and the clown, Merlin and Bottom the Weaver, are all equally pervious to the seductive arts of this insinuating Vivien. And perhaps the higher men mount on the social ladder the more likely they are to be enslaved by the sweet song of the ubiquitous siren. Behind the throne of the mightiest potentate on earth you will generally find some one to whom the master of millions is himself a slave; and the talisman that has subdued him is invariably a skilful manipulation of the bump of vanity. Pascal indeed goes so far as to affirm, with cynical exaggeration, that love itself is the offspring of vanity. "Whoever would fully learn the vanity of man," he says, "has but to consider the causes and the consequences of love. The cause is perhaps some undeniable trifle (*un je ne sais quoi*), and the consequences are tremendous. This trifle, this thing so insignificant that we cannot define it, moves the earth, its potentates, its armies, the whole universe! Had Cleopatra's nose been a little shorter, the

whole face of the world might have been changed."

Within three weeks of his first meeting Mlle. Oudinet, Labédoyère was as helpless in her toils as Samson in the arms of Delilah when the locks of his strength were shorn. Mlle. Oudinet was the orphan daughter and only child of a worthy butcher who, from humble beginnings, had amassed a large fortune by means of army contracts. Uneducated himself, he had bestowed on his daughter the best education that money could purchase. Her wealth, her tact, her wit and talent for conversation, had made a sort of reputation for her, and her company was sought even at the tables of the most exclusive houses. For it had become known that any party at which Mlle. Oudinet was a guest would at least not be a dull one. She, on her part, enjoyed her social success with the keenest relish, and was soon in a position to be fastidious in her acceptance of invitations. But she knew all the while that the admiration which she extorted was a hollow one; that the proud dames who competed for the honor of her company sought her from the same motives with which they hired their cooks, — to make their dinners attractive. Some of them even — and they the most demonstrative in their manifestation of affection — hated her cordially. For she had a rare talent for firing off impromptu epigrams; and her epigrams were barbed and always stuck. No woman offended her without paying the penalty of being made the laughing-stock of every *salon* in Paris for the next few days.

Power without love yields no real happiness. But there are natures to whom ascendancy over others, admiration begotten of fear or intellectual superiority alone, affords for a time a delicious pleasure more absorbing perhaps than any other passion. Mlle. Oudinet was such a nature. What she panted for was not love, but admiration. But she was clever enough to know that her wit and brilliancy could not secure to the end of the chapter the homage that was now paid her. She felt that she was only in, and not of, the society in which she mingled. The butcher's daughter must therefore merge her name in that of some ancient house.

Mlle. Oudinet had formed this resolution about the time she met Labédoyère, and she at once fixed on him as the instrument of her ambition. He was poor, though possessing a competency sufficient for a bachelor, and he was noble. She

was plebeian, but she was rich, and sought after in society. Were they not made for each other — she, born with a silver spoon in her mouth, and he with a coronet to put upon it? True, coronets were not now in vogue; but they would be soon. Parisian society was longing for the pagantry of a court, and there were signs in the air that its wishes would be gratified ere long. And the wife of citizen Labédoyère would then be Marquise de Labédoyère. Citizen Labédoyère, moreover, was just then one of the "lions" of Paris. His name had been more than once mentioned in despatches for conspicuous gallantry, and he was known to be a special favorite with the first consul. Nor was he at all injured in public estimation by the resignation of his commission. It was believed that he was acting under the orders of Bonaparte, that he had, in fact, a secret mission in the metropolis, and that he would soon receive some important appointment. So that in every way young Labédoyère was a prize well worth hunting down.

The hunt, as we have seen, did not last long. The inexperienced young soldier fell an easy prey to the artful flattery of a young woman whom all the men of Paris admired and all the women feared. But his engagement was succeeded, within a few weeks, by serious misgivings as to the wisdom of his choice. His *fiancée* made the mistake of imagining that a conquest so easily won could be maintained with equal ease. Labédoyère soon woke to the consciousness that he had foolishly allowed himself to be made the tool of a designing woman. But what was he to do? He was an honorable man, and Mlle. Oudinet took good care to give him no pretext for quarrelling with her. As his coolness increased so did her devotion to him.

Aid came to him at last in an unexpected way. The first consul saw the blunder the republic had made in arraying against itself all the religious sentiment of France, and he lost no time in permitting the churches to be opened again for the worship of God. Labédoyère chanced to pass, one Sunday evening, the open door of a little church in a by-street in the Quartier Latin. He went in and found a crowded congregation listening with uplifted faces to a sermon delivered with impassioned diction by a preacher whom Labédoyère could not see from the place where he was standing, but whose voice instantly arrested his attention. The preacher was at his per-

ration, and his words — more probably from accidental associations than from anything striking in themselves — fixed themselves so indelibly in the memory of Labédoyère that he had no difficulty in reproducing them in his diary when he went home. The preacher's text, which he frequently quoted, was (as rendered in our English version), "Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment." Reminding his hearers that the word translated "idle" meant literally "purposeless," "objectless," "thrown out carelessly upon the passing breeze," he went on to expatiate upon the multitudes of such words which were wandering in space; unknown to man, but easily decipherable by God, and probably also by created intelligences of superhuman powers. And if those words, uttered at random and without definite aim or purpose, were all recorded against the judgment day, how dreadful the thought that wicked words too had an imperishable life! Words that tempted the innocent to sin, words that bore false witness, words that deceived the unwary, broken vows — of lovers, of marriage, of ordination, of rulers to their subjects and subjects to their rulers — all were probably written on the circumambient air, and would rise up one day against the utterers of them. "But however that may be," continued the preacher, "there is at least one sense in which our words are certainly imperishable. They are engraved in indelible characters on the leaves of our own memories. We talk of forgetting. In matter of fact, we never forget anything. An impression made upon the mind remains there forever. When you leave this sacred edifice, look aloft and behold the vault of heaven studded all over with stars. Look up again to-morrow morning, and you will not see a single star where just now they are so thickly strewn. What has become of them? Have they vanished out of space? Have they ceased to be? Not so: they are where they were, but the brighter light of the sun has covered them as with a veil. And when the sun once more declines behind the hills the stars will come trooping out, one by one, till the floor of heaven is again covered with their countless multitude.

"So it is with the impressions made on the memory of man. There they lie, layer upon layer, one hiding the other from view, and all, except the most recent, veiled over by the garish light of

the passing day. But they are not lost. The romance is gone that the young man adored; the illusion has perished that deluded the maiden; but the impress has in each case remained, and will remain beyond the effacing alchemy of any Lethe. Many proofs of this are vouchsafed to us even here on earth. Open a long-locked drawer and run your eyes over a letter which you have not read for years, and see how readily the voices of the dead and songs of other years come back to you. In many other ways the impressions of the past are easily reproduced. But perhaps the most striking illustration of the indelibility of mental impressions is supplied by the well-authenticated experience of persons who have descended into the abyss of death, by drowning or otherwise, and have been rescued before life had become quite extinct. They tell us that when consciousness had closed upon the world of sense a flood of light suddenly irradiated the whole of their past life, and revealed all its history from childhood onward in minutest detail, as invisible ink, when placed before the fire, will come out in legible characters on the apparently blank page. So that you see the organizing principles, which fuse into harmony whatever heterogeneous materials human life may have accumulated from without, will not suffer the unity of human character to be broken in the retrospect from dying moments, or from other great convulsions of the spiritual elements within us. An awful resurrection truly of the life which we have led in the body! 'The books shall be opened' with a vengeance, and every child of Adam 'judged according to his works;' judged on unimpeachable evidence by the voice of a self-accusing conscience."

The preacher concluded with a few words of appeal to the charity of the congregation on behalf of some object which did not reach the ears of Labédoyère, and then descended himself among the flock to collect the alms. And now the secret of the spell which the preacher's voice had thrown over Labédoyère was revealed. For the preacher was no other than the old priest of Notre-Dame. His eyes and Labédoyère's met, and as the latter bent forward to drop a coin into the bag the priest whispered in his ear, "Remember midnight on the twenty-third of next June," and passed on.

When the service was over and the congregation had dispersed, Labédoyère made his way into the vestry, and found the old priest on the point of departing.

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He paused on seeing Labédoyère, but kept his hold on the handle of the door, as if impatient to be off. After a hurried apology for his intrusion, Labédoyère courteously begged to be permitted to call on the priest at his convenience. "I have no home," replied the old man, "and my time is not my own. To-day I am here, to-morrow gone; and I know not from hour to hour whither I may be sent by Him whose unworthy servant I am. I am therefore unable to make appointments because I can never be certain of being allowed to keep them."

Would he, at all events, asked Labédoyère, give him the pleasure of knowing his name?

"I am dead to the world," said the old man, and his voice resumed that weird wail, and his eyes that distant look, which Labédoyère remembered so well before the altar of Notre-Dame. "In religion I am known as Brother Antonio. But that information leaves you where you were. Ask me no more questions. To you I have already delivered my message. I have no commission to satisfy the cravings of an idle curiosity. Remember the twenty-third of June at midnight. Time is short. Eternity is long."

And the old priest, bowing courteously, passed out and closed the door behind him.

On the morrow Labédoyère sought an interview with Mlle. Oudinet. He would have been glad, a few days ago, of any pretext for breaking off his engagement. But he needed no pretext now. The fateful twenty-third of June cast its shadow before, and it was in simple sincerity that Labédoyère told Mlle. Oudinet that in kindness to her he must release her from her engagement. She would not hear of such a thing, and rallied him on "the folly of believing the ravings of a crack-brained old priest." When that failed she tried the power of tears. But Labédoyère was inexorable, and cut short the scene by abruptly taking his leave.

It was the first time that Mlle. Oudinet found herself spurned by a man. And there was that in Labédoyère's manner which assured her that he had found her out and had irrevocably cast her off. "A woman either loves or hates," says the Roman proverb; "there is nothing between." That proverb, I dare say, has as much truth in it as proverbs in general have; that is to say, it rests on a substratum of fact, and is open to refutation by a multitude of particular instances to the contrary. But it was true enough in Mlle.

Oudinet's case — at least in the matter of hate. "I will anticipate the priest's prediction," she said to herself, "and save Fate the trouble of fulfilling her decree on the 23rd of June."

Having formed her resolution, she immediately proceeded to arrange for its execution, and for that purpose sent a note to one of her rejected lovers, whom she still kept dancing attendance on her even after her engagement to Labédoyère. He was a young man of good family, shady character, broken fortune, and expensive tastes; to whom, therefore, an alliance with a rich heiress was a matter of prime importance. And he had been sanguine of success, till Labédoyère crossed his path and carried off his prize. It was natural, therefore, that Citizen Picard's feelings towards Citizen Labédoyère should not be of the most benevolent description. And it was equally natural that this fact should be particularly pleasing to Mlle. Oudinet in her present frame of mind. But M. Picard's chief recommendation in her eyes just now was the fact of his being considered one of the best swordsmen in Paris. It was easy for one gifted with so ready a wit and so lively an imagination to give M. Picard a version of her quarrel with Labédoyère which portrayed herself as an innocent victim, and at the same time served to revive the hopes of the rejected, but now recalled, suitor. M. Picard took in the situation at a glance. If he could only get rid of his rival, the dreams of his ambition would at length be realized. He left mademoiselle's presence in a state of gleeful excitement, and soon found an opportunity of forcing a quarrel on Labédoyère. A sneering insinuation at an evening party, in Labédoyère's hearing, that a deficiency of courage was the true motive of his leaving the army, sufficed to cause a hostile meeting. Labédoyère also was a dexterous swordsman; but he was out of practice and out of spirits — two great disadvantages where quickness of eye and strength and suppleness of wrist are so vitally requisite. His antagonist, on the other hand, was in daily practice, and his spirits rose with the prospect of ridding himself of the only obstacle, as he supposed, between himself and fortune. It is probable, however, that Labédoyère's mental depression was of great service to him on the present occasion. Since his second interview with the old priest he had become so persuaded of the fulfilment of his doom on the twenty-third of the following June

that he came to regard his own death before that date as an impossibility. His duel with M. Picard was to him, therefore, merely a matter of interesting speculation. He was aware of his antagonist's skill of thrust and fence, though he had never witnessed it, and he had no mean opinion of his own; and believing, as he did, in his own impunity, he appeared upon the ground with his head as cool as if he were only going to sit down to a game of chess. M. Picard's head was not half as cool; and he made, moreover, the fatal mistake of despising his adversary. A few passes, however, sufficed to convince him that he had need of all his skill and nerve. They were so evenly matched a pair, in fact, that, after fighting for ten minutes without either touching the other, they paused, by mutual consent, to rest. Having renewed the combat, and fought again for some time without advantage to either side, M. Picard began to lose patience, and attempting to evade Labédoyère's guard with a rapid thrust, his left foot slipped on the dewy grass, the point of his sword flew up, and he fell heavily forward and transfigured himself on his antagonist's weapon. The wound was fatal, and before Labédoyère could quite realize what had happened, he found himself gazing horror-struck on the corpse of his foe. Feeling perfectly secure as to his own life, he had no intention to do more than put his adversary *hors de combat*, and was watching for an opportunity to disable his sword-arm. Often as he had looked at death in every form of ghastliness on the field of battle, he had never felt so affected as he did now; for never before had his own arm taken a fellow-creature's life. The fatal blade, red with the dead man's life-blood, was still in Labédoyère's hand. He thrust it into the ground and broke it; and, as he did so, he heard through the stillness of the morning air a well-remembered voice uttering, in low yet clear tones, the words: "We shall meet at midnight on the twenty-third of next June." The voice sent a cold chill to Labédoyère's heart; but, after a moment's pause, he rushed in the direction from which the voice seemed to come. A high hedge separated the field where the duel took place from the road, which, at the distance of some two hundred yards, entered a dense wood; and just as Labédoyère looked over the hedge he saw a tall, dark, slim figure, with white, flowing locks, disappearing into the gloom of the forest. Hastily dressing himself, and leaving the

body of his late foe in charge of the seconds and surgeon, Labédoyère pursued the mysterious priest, but failed to overtake him — which, after all, was not wonderful, for the forest was intersected by many paths, and Labédoyère had no doubt taken the wrong one.

Sick at heart, Labédoyère determined to leave Paris and await his doom elsewhere. He would have liked to rejoin the army. But that was impossible, for he had deeply offended the first consul by retiring; and Napoleon was not a man to forgive an offence of that kind. Since the army was out of the question, Labédoyère, with a view to a complete change of scene, made up his mind to go to Palermo, where he knew he should receive a warm welcome from the Marchese San Juliano, whose acquaintance he had made in Italy, and whose father, the marchese, had large estates in the island, and a palace (now an hotel) on the Marina in Palermo.

Labédoyère arrived in Palermo on a bright afternoon in the beginning of April, and was enchanted with the appearance of the city as it lay before him basking in the evening sun. "Palermo well deserves its name of *la Felice*," said Labédoyère to himself, as he watched it from the deck of the vessel, which made its way slowly towards the harbor. The town, which faces north, lies on a rich plain, which is covered, where there are no houses, with vineyards and groves of orange and citron and mulberry trees, and evergreen oleanders and clumps of waving palms. The land rises behind the town in something of a crescent shape, which probably suggested, together with the exuberance of the soil and the gardens of golden oranges and lemons, its name of *Conca d' Oro*. The plain is dominated by a lofty mountain, which was now gilded with the rays of the setting sun. On the right of Palermo rose in full light Monte Pellegrino — "the most beautiful headland in the whole world," as Goethe calls it — with its many picturesque outlines; on the left a long coast-line, stretching far away in the distance towards Messina, and indented with innumerable bays and headlands.

Labédoyère entered the town through an odd-looking gateway, consisting of two vast pillars, left unconnected above in order that the lofty car of Santa Rosalia, the patroness of the city, might be able to pass through on her annual festival. On arriving at the Palazzo San Juliano, Labédoyère found that the family were all out;

but the servant added that Labédoyère would probably find the marchesino in the public gardens by the roadstead. Those gardens were then only thirty years old, and were not as beautiful as they are now; but Labédoyère thought them the most fairy spot he had ever seen. Green edgings surrounded beds of the choicest exotics; citron espaliers arched over low-arborescent walks; high walls of the oleander, decked with thousands of its red carnation-like blossoms, dazzled the eye; and trees wholly strange to Labédoyère's eyes, natives probably of a still warmer climate, spread out their strange-looking branches. Sitting down on a bench and watching the black waves* breaking monotonously on the irregular shore, and smelling the odor of the brine mingled with the sweet smells of flowers and orange-blossoms, the happy island of the Phæacians rose before his imagination and memory; for, though ignorant of Greek, he was familiar with Homer, through the medium of a French translation.

Labédoyère, failing to meet the Marchesino San Juliano in the public gardens, strolled down to the Marina, where the beauty and fashion of Palermo, some on foot and some in carriages, were enjoying the beauty of the evening and the soft caresses of a gentle sea breeze. Among the throng of loungers Labédoyère fell in with his friend, who was delighted to see him, but had not expected him quite so soon. The marchesino also and his sister (he had lost his wife some years before) greeted the handsome young Frenchman with genuine hospitality. They had never seen him till now, but had heard much of him from the young marquis, and expressed their determination not to let him go in a hurry since they were so fortunate as to entice him so far from home.

Our limited space will not admit of a detailed account of Labédoyère's life in Sicily and the delightful excursions which he made all over the island, a full account of which he wrote with great care in his journal. The Marchese San Juliano would have been considered a wealthy nobleman even in England. In addition to an extensive landed property in the southern parts of the island he possessed

some mineral mines near Catania, which yielded him a handsome income. He had several country-seats, but the place which he liked best for his *villeggiatura* was Taormina, where he had a palatial villa. And no wonder. The mind of man cannot conceive a more splendid panorama than that which unfolds itself before the eyes of the spectator who looks in front of him from one of the seats of the Greco-Roman theatre, which is partly hewn out of the rock. Nothing perhaps better illustrates the love of the ancient Greeks for natural beauty than the sites and construction of their theatres. They were always open to the sky, and wherever it was possible they commanded a beautiful view, so that in the intervals between the acts the spectators had something better than stage scenery to gladden their eyes. The first object that strikes the eye from the theatre of Taormina is the majestic form of Etna; then, lying in the foreground of the intervening space, the valley of the Cantara and the rocky heights of Castiglione. Perched on a rock to the right, and somewhat towards the rear, are the hermitage of Santa Maria della Rocca, and the fort of Taormina, which stood many a buffeting from Greek, and Roman, and Saracen; still higher up, the precipitous mountain of Mola; and beyond it, and still higher, Monte Venere stands clear out against the sky. Down below on the left the eye follows the sea-shore past Catania and on to Syracuse, and wanders over scenes familiar to every schoolboy: the loves of Acis and Galatea, the memory of which still lingers in the name of the flourishing town of Acireale; the *scogli de' Ciclopi* which blinded Polyphemus hurled after the wily Odysseus, and are still seen above the waves to attest the giant's strength; and the very spot is still pointed out by the custodian of the theatre where Nausicaa and her laughing maidens surprised the wandering king of Ithaca on the shore after his exhausting swim. Behind the spectator is the wall of rock between which and the sea runs the road to Messina. And then again still farther on you behold vast groups of rocky ridges in the sea itself, with the mountains of Calabria in the hazy distance, scarcely distinguishable from the clouds which float over them.

To this lovely retreat the San Juliano family removed with their guest in the end of April. His happiness would have been complete but for the warning of the old priest, which haunted his visions by

* The northerly aspect of the Bay of Palermo tinges its waters with quite a different color from that of the Bay of Naples. The city and the shore lie between the sun and the harbor, and the consequence is that there is no reflection of the sun on the waves. For this reason the waves of the Bay of Palermo are of so deep a blue that, in comparison with those of the Bay of Naples or Salerno, they may be called "black."

day and his dreams by night. He was fond of wandering among the mountains; and about three weeks after his arrival at Taormina he made a solitary excursion to the marble quarries of Monte Ziretto beyond the Fiumara. On his way back he missed his way, and found himself at nightfall skirting the rocky peak of Lapa. Then he knew where he was, for he could see Taormina not very far off. He sat down to rest himself a while, and to enjoy the still beauty of the scene before him. When he got up to pursue his journey, he was startled by the sound of a shot fired close above him, while at the same time a gruff voice cried, "*Bocca a terra!*" He had been in Sicily long enough to know what those words meant. They meant that he was to throw himself on his face on the ground, and let the brigands seize him on pain of being instantly shot. Turning himself in the direction from which the shot and voice came, he saw against the sky-line the barrels of six guns pointed at him at a distance of some ten yards. Labédoyère knew that the slightest attempt at escape would instantly draw the fire of those six guns upon him. On the other hand, he believed that he bore a charmed life for another month; and, without more ado, he rushed down the mountain. To his surprise, the brigands did not fire, and he was beginning to congratulate himself on his lucky star when he found himself thrown violently to the ground and a powerful bloodhound standing over him. He was not hurt, for the brute was thoroughly trained and did not bite unless resistance was offered. The brigands were upon him before he recovered his presence of mind, and led him for some hours blindfolded. When his eyes were unbandaged, it was quite dark, and he had no idea where he was. The brigands were very courteous, especially one of them, whom Labédoyère soon discovered to be the *capobrigante*. Towards the following afternoon the band arrived with their captive at a mountain cave which was evidently their lair, and where they had tolerably comfortable quarters. They set food and wine before their prisoner, of which he partook with an appetite sharpened by his long fast and fatiguing walk. He was then requested to send a note to the marchese for a handsome ransom, on receipt of which by the brigands he would be conducted in safety to the neighborhood of Taormina. It was in vain that Labédoyère explained that he had no claim whatever on the generosity of the mar-

chese; equally in vain that he defied them to shoot him. The chief told him in the blandest tones that they never shot a captive. After the ransom became due they sent a piece of his body at intervals, while life lasted, to quicken the zeal of his family and friends. Labédoyère shuddered. He could face death, but not by piecemeal mutilation. He wrote the note to the marchese, and awaited the issue with all the stoicism at his command.

In the course of the day the band was augmented by the arrival of four more brigands who had been on an expedition — an unsuccessful one — in another direction. Labédoyère did not at first take any particular notice of the new arrivals. By-and-by he became conscious that he was apparently an object of curiosity or interest to one of them, whose eyes he found steadily fixed on him whenever he looked in that direction. At last he returned the man's gaze, and was at once convinced that he had seen the face before. All at once it flashed on him that the man was a Genoese soldier who had been badly wounded on the field of Arcola. Labédoyère happened to be passing at the moment that the wounded man was about to be thrown into a pit among a number of dead bodies, and, finding that his pulse was going, he had him carried to his tent. The man recovered, thanks to Labédoyère's care, and was set at liberty by Labédoyère's influence. In the course of the day he managed to slip a paper into Labédoyère's hands on which were scrawled these words: "I shall be one of your guard to-night, and will help you to escape. But beware of the hound." And so it fell out. In the afternoon the chief departed with the band, leaving two of them, of whom the Genoese was one, to guard the prisoner. The guards' orders were that neither of them was to allow the other to sleep for a moment. That night one of them — not the Genoese — fell fast asleep. The Genoese proposed to kill him; but Labédoyère would not consent. He agreed, however, to the proposal of the Genoese that they should bind and gag the sleeping brigand, and then make their escape. For the Genoese had made up his mind to flee with Labédoyère, since he would certainly be put to death for conniving at the prisoner's escape. Besides, he had got disgusted with brigand life.

The sleeping brigand was soon overpowered, and the two fugitives fled for their lives. It was lucky for Labédoyère that he was not alone, for he had not the

least idea which way to turn on leaving the cave. His companion, however, knew the way to Taormina, and they hurried on as fast as their feet could carry them, in the hope of being beyond the reach of capture by daybreak. For the Genoese did not think it safe to pursue their journey after dawn, since he did not know what direction the band had taken, and wished to avoid the risk of meeting it. He took the further precaution, whenever they came to a stream, to wade through it for a considerable distance and get his companion to do the same, in order to throw the hound off the scent in the event of their being pursued. Towards daybreak they found themselves following the course of a wide but shallow mountain stream, whose banks were covered with brushwood. By the advice of the Genoese they walked into the stream, and waded back through the midst of it for about a quarter of a mile, till they came to a rock standing in the middle of a deep pool, and covered with long grass and dense jungle. To this rock they both swam, and then hid themselves, all dripping as they were, in the middle of the thicket. They were just in time, for the quick ear of the Genoese caught in the distance the deep baying of the bloodhound.

The hound was then so close that they could see the swaying of the bushes on the bank of the stream as he made his way through them. At length he reached the place where they had entered the water. He plunged at once into the stream and ran up and down the opposite bank. He had lost the scent and after sundry desperate efforts to recover it, he stood stock still and bayed aloud his disappointment.

Labédoyère and his companion were interested witnesses of all this, and also of the arrival on the scene, half an hour later, of the *capobrigante* and four of his band. They searched diligently both sides of the stream, and passed and re-passed within a few yards of the hiding-place of the men they were in search of. Fortunately it never occurred to them to think of searching that. At last, with some curses at the dog, they appeared to give up the pursuit. But the fugitives did not think it safe to leave their place of concealment till it was quite dark. Then they resumed their flight with a will, and found themselves in the early morning at the Villa San Juliano.

Labédoyère was greeted as one risen from the dead. The marchese had sent to his banker in Catania for the ransom

money. But that, of course, was no longer necessary. The mail had arrived during Labédoyère's absence, and he found among his letters, to his great surprise, a missive from the old priest summoning him at once to Paris. His friends tried hard to dissuade him from obeying the summons. But the old priest had obtained an ascendancy over him which he could not shake off, and he started the following day for Paris, taking the Genoese ex-brigand with him.

On arriving in Paris, he went without delay to the address which the old priest had given him, but found the old man had gone out of town. He had, however, left a note behind him for Labédoyère, to say that he would call upon him at midnight on the twenty-third of June. It was now the 17th of June, and Labédoyère sent out that evening an invitation to two of his most intimate and most serious-minded friends to dine with him on the fatal night. He added in a postscript that they would oblige him by retiring at ten o'clock. They knew what that meant, for the story of his mysterious doom had got abroad among his friends. The fatal twenty-third arrived, and Labédoyère and his two friends dined quietly together.

At ten he was left alone, as he thought. He placed himself in an armchair in the room in which they had just dined, and began to read Pascal's "*Pensées*," his eyes meanwhile glancing occasionally off the page of the book to the face of the clock on the mantelpiece opposite. Eleven o'clock struck, and Labédoyère fancied that a clammy numbness was creeping over him. But he tried to persuade himself that it was only nervousness, and made an effort to go on reading. Half-past eleven struck, and Labédoyère felt his pulse. It was certainly going more slowly than it ought. Still it might be only nervousness. A quarter to twelve struck, and Labédoyère closed his book and sat with his eyes fixed on the clock and his finger on his pulse. There was no doubt now: the pulse had almost stopped, and a deadly chill had taken possession of Labédoyère's frame. And then the great clock of Notre-Dame began to toll out on the silence of the midnight air the hour of midnight — the hour of doom for Labédoyère if the old priest was a true prophet. As the echo of the last stroke of the hammer was dying away on his ear, he fell back in his chair in a state of semi-consciousness. How long he remained in that state we happen to know, for a pair of keen eyes, unknown to

him, were earnestly watching him. And before life had quite departed, and while his mind still hovered, as it were, on the border-land of the material world and the world unseen, the pressure of a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and a hollow voice, as from the tomb, sounded in his ear the startling summons, "Awake, for I am going to — *shut up the church.*" The doomed man opened his eyes slowly, and saw standing before him, key in hand, the beadle of Notre-Dame!

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

From The Fortnightly Review.

THE JOURNALS OF CAROLINE FOX.*

"At Falmouth," says Carlyle, in his life of John Sterling, "he had been warmly welcomed by the well-known Quaker family of the Foxes, principal people in that place, persons of cultivated, opulent habits, and joining to the fine purities and pieties of their sect a reverence for human intelligence in all kinds. The family had grave elders, bright, cheery, younger branches, men and women; truly amiable all, after their sort. 'Most worthy, respectable, and highly cultivated people, with a great deal of money among them,' writes Sterling in the end of February (1840), 'who make the place pleasant to me. They are connected with all the large Quaker circle, the Gurneys, Frys, etc., and also with Buxton the abolitionist. It is droll to hear them talking of all the common topics of science, literature, and life, and in the midst of it: "Does thou know Wordsworth?" or "Did thou see the Coronation?" or "Will thou take some refreshment?" They are very kind and pleasant people to know.'"[†]

One of the daughters of this kind and pleasant household was Caroline Fox, and her journals and letters are now given to the public in a volume which is almost inappropriately sumptuous. Women, as we have been told more often than enough, are better hands at diaries and correspondence than men, though Boswell, Cowper, Gray, Horace Walpole, and Voltaire are proof sufficient that the rule is by no means universal. The lady whose journals are before us will not take a place

among those of her sex who have been foremost and best in this kind. For this high position she seems not to have been critical, independent, original, or in short intellectually powerful enough. In many ways more attractive than characters on whom nature has bestowed a larger dose of pungency and salt, she belongs to a type that is happily not uncommon in our generation. Profoundly devout by natural predisposition and sentiment as well as by education and surrounding, such women find a way of uniting with an ever-present spirituality of mind a sincere interest of secular knowledge no less than in the common facts of human life. Their range is only moderately wide; but within it they are intelligent, sympathetic, appreciative, and, above all, eagerly receptive of moral impressions. Surveying the world with a quiet and gentle eye, such women seldom see the deeper places of the human heart, or the confused perplexity of much of human life and motive. But they impart a singular graciousness to the scene, and their friendship is one of the choicest gifts within men's reach.

Miss Fox was born in 1819, and she died in 1871. Like the great emperor, she might at the end of her days have offered thanks to the gods that they had given her good forefathers, good kinsfolk, a good sister, good teachers, and in all that surrounded her, in relations and in friends, people who were usually all of them filled to the full with goodness. This highest kind of good fortune seems never to have deserted her. Her life was no Odyssey, nor is there any story to tell. She was always active in those good works of modest benevolence which kind women find out for themselves, and she watched with pensive solicitude the surging tide of politics and social circumstance as waters beating on a distant shore. But when all is told, she may be counted among those to whom in its best sense we may apply Lamartine's beautiful line, —

Rien ne reste de nous sinon d'avoir aimé.

When she was five-and-twenty (1844-5) the little preliminary memoir informs us, "there came a time of great sorrow." "A considerable blank occurs in the journals of these and some of the succeeding years; what she wrote at this time containing, save so far as is extracted, nothing but a most sacred record of great personal suffering and inward struggle. Hers was a nature to come out of sorrow, be it ever so deep or bitter, strengthened and ennobled by the lesson, and striving

* *Memories of Old Friends; being Extracts from the Journals and Letters of Caroline Fox, of Penzance, Cornwall, from 1835 to 1871.* Edited by Horace N. Pym. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1882.
[†] Carlyle's Life of John Sterling, pt. iii., ch. ii.

anything else." This, too, is of the oddest:—

Talked of Philip von Artevelde (Taylor), Irving, Coleridge, and Charles Lamb being together; and the conversation turning on Mahomet, Irving reprobated him in his strongest manner as a prince of impostors, without earnestness and without faith. Taylor thinking him not fairly used, defended him with much spirit. On going away, Taylor could not find his hat, and was looking about for it, when Charles Lamb volunteered his assistance, with the query, "Taylor, did you come in a h-h-hat or a t-t-t-turban?"

They go to Bridgewater House to see the pictures and meet Sterling there. His criticisms were "very useful and illuminating." He surely then gave them something fresher than this:—

A fine ecclesiastical head suggested the following story. A Protestant bishop was declaiming to a Roman Catholic on the folly of a belief in purgatory. "My lord," was the reply, "you may go farther and fare worse."

There are a good many other facetiae which might reasonably have amused the worthy Cornish ladies, and might have been fresh to them, and yet which are not at all worth reproducing in a book intended for public perusal, and in other respects so extremely well deserving public perusal. The only other comment that we need make on the editing is that the notes often tell us about people who are already well known, while they as often leave us in the dark about those of whom the world knows nothing. The index, too, is bad. The prefatory memoir, on the other hand, is written in excellent taste and with deep and sincere feeling.

The most interesting episode in the book to many of us of this generation will undoubtedly be John Stuart Mill's visit to Falmouth. Carlyle just mentions it in the "Life of Sterling," but the incident is described in these pages with all the fullness of a diary, and a most charming piece of diary it is. It gives a side of Mill's character in full, which is only dimly and almost drily hinted at in the "Autobiography," and which would perhaps be hardly divined from merely reading Mill's writings. Professor Bain's three papers on Mill, contributed to *Mind* a couple of years ago, help to fill in the rather meagre narrative of the "Autobiography," but those who had not the happiness of knowing him can find no-

where else so vivid an impression of Mill's interesting and attractive personality as is to be gathered from the pages before us. It was in the beginning of 1840 that the Foxes found Mrs. Mill with her daughters, Clara and Harriet, nursing Henry Mill, who was dying of consumption, in lodgings on the terrace. "Mamma and Barclay have both seen him, and speak of him as a most beautiful young creature, almost ethereal in the exquisite delicacy of his outline and coloring, and with a most musical voice."

Henry Mill was only nineteen. James Mill, his famous father, had been dead for four years. John Mill, his more famous brother, was fifteen years older than himself. The "Autobiography" has told us that the stern system which had made the Mill whom we knew what he was, was relaxed with the younger members of the family. "It is impossible," says J. S. Mill, in a touching passage, "not to feel true pity for a father who did, and strove to do, so much for his children, who would have so valued their affection, yet who must have been constantly feeling that fear of him was drying it up at its source. This was no longer the case later in life, and with his younger children. They loved him tenderly." It is interesting to think of the sons of that Stoic, whose moral convictions were wholly severed from religion, and who looked on belief in Christianity as a mental delusion, being brought into intimate and affectionate contact with a family to whom religion was the very breath of their life. Here is one of the earliest extracts:—

March 15.—Mamma had an interesting little interview with Henry Mill, and took him in a bunch of *Lignonia sempervirens* which he exceedingly admired, and thanked her warmly for all the little kindnesses that had been shown him. He particularly enjoys looking into the flowers, and wanted to have them explained, so we sent him Lindley as a guide. Mamma led the conversation gradually into a rather more serious channel, and Henry Mill told Clara afterwards that her kind manner, her use of the words thee and thou, and her allusions to religious subjects quite overcame him, and he was on the point of bursting into tears. She gave him a hymn-book, and Clara marked one which she specially recommended—"As thy day, thy strength shall be." For the last few evenings they have read him a psalm or some other part of Scripture.

The next day they actually saw the new-comer of whom Sterling had already told them as "a man of extraordinary power and genius, the founder of a new

school in metaphysics, and a most charming companion."

March 16. — His eldest brother John is now come, and Clara brought him to see us this morning. He is a very uncommon-looking person—such acuteness and sensibility marked in his exquisitely chiselled countenance, more resembling a portrait of Lavater than any other that I remember. His voice is refinement itself, and his mode of expressing himself tallies with voice and countenance. He squeezed papa's and mamma's hands without speaking, and afterwards warmly thanked them for kindnesses received. "Everything," he said, "had been done that the circumstances of the case admitted." Henry received him with considerable calmness, and has at intervals had deeply interesting and relieving conversation with him.

The invalid lingered for some three weeks after his brother's arrival, and J. S. Mill himself remained in Falmouth for a few days longer. He seems to have seen the Foxes nearly every day. They had delightful walking parties, dined together, took their luncheon in the open air, and it was in the air that Mill was at his best. He told them of "the extreme elation of spirits he always experienced in the country, and illustrated it with an apology by jumping." Some of his talk during these pleasant excursions in sympathetic companionship is full of suggestion, though now and then we come upon a remark which we cannot but suppose to be misrepresented. We may at least be pretty sure that it would be safe to apply to Mill's talk, on these as on other occasions, what Goethe said to a friend of Sterling's about Schiller: "I have never heard from him an insignificant word."

They made a walking party to Pendenis Cavern, with which they were all delighted.

J. S. Mill proposed leaving the lighted candles there as an offering to the gnomes. He was full of interesting talk. A ship in full sail he declared the only work of man that under all circumstances harmonizes with nature, the reason being that it is adapted to purely natural requirements. . . . The whole material universe is small compared to the guileless heart of a little child, because it can contain it all and much more. . . . Speaking of the women in France being those who kept up the appearance of religious zeal more than the men, he in part accounted for it by the sort of premium which the Bourbons would offer on regular attendance and support of established forms. This induced a shrinking from the service in the stronger minds from a dread of the imputation of hypocrisy; and though the effect is bad, the cause is creditable to human nature. Superstition and cere-

mony are the last things abandoned in a departing faith, because the most obvious and connected with the prejudices of the people. Then we got to Luther and the Reformers. Luther was a fine fellow, but what a moral is to be drawn from the perplexity and unhappiness of his latter days! He had taught people to *think* independently of their instructors, and had imagined that their opinions would all conform to his; when, however, they took so wide and various a scope, he was wretched, considering himself accountable for all their aberrations; and though so triumphant in his reform, shuddered at the commotion he had made, instead of viewing it as the natural and necessary result of the emancipation of thought from the trammels of authority, which he himself had introduced. "No one," he said with deep feeling, "should attempt anything intended to benefit his age, without at first making a stern resolution to take up his cross and to bear it. If he does not begin by counting the cost, all his schemes must end in disappointment; either he will sink under it as Chatterton, or yield to the counter-current like Erasmus, or pass his life in disappointment and vexation as Luther did." This was evidently a process through which he (Mill) had passed, as is sufficiently attested by his careworn and anxious, though most beautiful and refined, countenance. He sketched the characters of some of the Reformers contemporary with Luther. Erasmus sincerely fancied that he promoted the Reformation by that bending smoothness of deportment and that popularity of manner which characterized him; this, indeed, recommended him to kings and emperors, but his friends were deeply cut by his flexibility and his *laissez faire* principle. Melancthon's vocation was not to be a leader in any great movement, but to be a faithful follower to the last — and this he truly was to Luther. Amongst other great contingent effects of the Reformation was the influence it had on the German language; Luther's Bible stamped it, and gave it a force, an energy, and a glory with which it has not parted. The Bible and Shakespeare have done more than any other books for the English language, introducing into the soul of it such grand ideas expressed with such sublime simplicity."

On another occasion where Mill had joined the family at dinner and Sterling had come to tea, the afternoon talk had begun with science, architecture, and painters: —

The evening was then devoted to a glorious discourse on Reason, Self-Government, and subjects collateral, of which I can give but the barest idea. Sterling was the chief speaker, and John Mill would occasionally throw in an idea to clarify an involved theory or shed light on a profound abysmal one. The idea of a guiding principle has been held by the best minds in all ages, alike by Socrates and St.

Augustine, though under different names. There has ever been a cloud of witnesses to this moral truth, and the sun shining brightly behind them even in the darkest age; and a superhuman light in every one that has been or that is, and in it there is a distinct vision, a glorious reality of safety and happiness. There is also a guide to the path you should take in the intellectual and active world. Carlyle says, "Try and you'll find it." Mill says, "Avoid all that you prove by experience or intuition to be wrong, and you are safe; especially avoid the servile imitation of any other, be true to yourselves, find out your individuality, and live and act in the circle around it. Follow with earnestness the path in which it impels you, taking Reason for your Safety Lamp and perpetually warring with Inclination; then you will attain to that Freedom which results only from obedience to Right and Reason, and that Happiness which proves to be such, on retrospection. Every one has a part to perform whilst stationed here, and he must strive with enthusiasm to perform it. Every advance brings its own particular snares, either exciting to ambition or display, but in the darkest passages of human existence a Pole Star may be discovered, if earnestly sought after, which will guide the wanderer into the effulgence of Light and Truth. What there is in us that appears evil is, if thoroughly examined, either disproportioned or misdirected good, for our Maker has stamped his own image on everything that lives." Oh! how much there was this evening of Poetry, of Truth, of Beauty; but I have given no idea of it on paper, though it has left its own idea engraven on my memory.

Some of the forms of expression here are perhaps colored by the reporter's own interpretation. But the tone is thoroughly characteristic of the speaker, as it is in what follows on another page:—

On consumption, and the why it was so connected with what is beautiful and interesting in nature. The disease itself brings the mind as well as the constitution into a state of prematurity, and this reciprocally preys on the body. After an expressive pause, John Mill quietly said, "I expect to die of consumption." I lectured him about taking a little more care of himself. "Why, it does not much signify in what form death comes to us." "But time is important to those who wish to help their fellow-creatures." "Certainly," he replied, "it is pleasant to do some little good in the world." When Barclay joined us the first question agitated was the influence of habits of business on literary pursuits. John Mill considers it the duty of life to endeavor to reconcile the two, the active and the speculative; and from his own experience and observation the former gives vigor and system and effectiveness to the latter. He finds that he can do much more in two hours after a busy day, than when he sits down to write with time

at his own command. He has watched the development of many young minds, and observed that those who make the greatest intellectual advances are of the active class, even when they enjoy fewer advantages than their contemplative friends; and nothing promotes activity of mind more than habits of business. Barclay was lamenting his sense of incapacity to attain, in his intellectual being, to the mark which was evidently set forth in his own mind. "This, with very few exceptions," rejoined John Mill, "was the case with all who ever reflected: men's strivings were divided by Carlyle into two classes—to be and to seem: the former aimed high, and though they cannot attain to it, yet this very striving gives energy to their characters; the latter go about, deceiving and being deceived, using terms in speaking of themselves, and believing that those terms represented realities—these are doomed to a stationary position. Self-deception and the deception of others act reciprocally in increasing the delusion. Then on discouragements in intellectual pursuits. Here, too, you should ever aim high; work on, even when nothing you do pleases you; do it over again without admitting discouragement: at the same time you must curb your fastidiousness, and not let your judgment and taste get too far in advance of your power of execution, or your ardor will be damped and you will probably do nothing."

It was said of Rousseau by Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, who made more than one excursion with him, that his sense of smell was so subtle and acute that he might have classified plants by odors, if language could only have been made to furnish as many names as nature supplies varieties of fragrance. Before leaving friends who had evidently inspired him with a true attachment, Mill concocted for them an almanac of the odors that scent the air, to be arranged chronologically according to the months, beginning with the laurel and ending with the lime.

A CALENDAR OF ODORS, BEING IN IMITATION OF THE VARIOUS CALENDARS OF FLORA BY LINNÆUS AND OTHERS.

The brilliant coloring of nature is prolonged, with incessant changes, from March till October; but the fragrance of her breath is spent before the summer is half ended. From March till July an uninterrupted succession of sweet odors fills the air by day and still more by night, but the gentler perfumes of autumn, like many of the earlier ones here for that reason omitted, must be sought ere they can be found. The Calendar of Odors, therefore, begins with the laurel, and ends with the lime.

March.—Common laurel.

April.—Violets, furze, wall-flower, common broad-leaved willow, apple-blossom.

May.—Lilac, night-flowering stocks and

rockets, laburnum, hawthorn, seringa, sweet-briar.

June.—Mignonette, bean-fields, the whole tribe of summer roses, hay, Portugal laurel, various species of pinks.

July.—Common acacia, meadow-sweet, honeysuckle, sweetgale or double myrtle, Spanish broom, lime.

In latest autumn, one stray odor, forgotten by its companions, follows at a modest distance—the creeping clematis—which adorns cottage walls; but the thread of continuity being broken, this solitary straggler is not included in the calendar of odors.

*To Miss Caroline Fox, from her grateful friend,
J. S. MILL.*

We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the account of the last afternoon's talk at Falmouth:—

April 10th.—John Mill is summoned to town, and goes to-night; the rest leave to-morrow. They feel leaving Falmouth deeply, and say that no place out of London will be so dear to them. Now for some last glimpses at truth through those wonderfully keen, quiet eyes. On education: his father's idea was to make children understand one thing thoroughly; this is not only a good exercise for the mind, but it creates in themselves a standard by which to judge of their knowledge of other subjects, whether it is superficial or otherwise. He does not like things to be made too easy or too agreeable to children; the plums should not be picked out for them, or it is very doubtful if they will ever be at the trouble of learning what is less pleasant. For childhood, the art is to apportion the difficulties to the age, but in life there is no such adaptation. Life must be a struggle throughout; so let children, when children, learn to struggle manfully and overcome difficulties. His father made him study ecclesiastical history before he was ten. This method of early, intense application he would not recommend to others; in most cases it would not answer, and where it does, the buoyancy of youth is entirely superseded by the maturity of manhood, and action is very likely to be merged in reflection. "I never was a boy," he said; "never played at cricket; it is better to let nature have her own way."

After his return to London, Mill wrote to Barclay Fox a letter which Professor Bain had already described as being "for Mill unusually effusive and teeming with characteristic traits. One, not a Christian, addressing a Christian family upon death, and wakening up the chords of our common humanity, is a spectacle worth observing." (*Mind*, iv. 394.) Mr. Bain did not give us the letter, but it is now published in the volume before us, and we shall transcribe so much of it as is really significant:—

Your kind and sympathizing letter has given us great pleasure. There is no use in my saying more than has been said already about him who has gone before us, where we must so soon follow; the thought of him is here, and will remain here, and seldom has the memory of one who died so young been such as to leave a deeper or a more beneficial impression on the survivors. Among the many serious feelings which such an event calls forth, there is always some one which impresses us most, some moral which each person extracts from it for his own more especial guidance; with me that moral is, "Work while it is called to-day; the night cometh in which no man can work." One never seems to have adequately felt the truth and meaning of all that is tritely said about the shortness and precariousness of life, till one loses some one whom one had hoped not only to carry with one as a companion through life, but to leave as a successor after it. Why he who had all his work to do has been taken, and I left who had done part of mine, and in some measure, as Carlyle would express it, "delivered my message," passes our wisdom to surmise. But if there be a purpose in this, that purpose, it would seem, can only be fulfilled in so far as the remainder of my life can be made even more useful than the remainder of his would have been if it had been spared. At least we know this, that on the day when we shall be as he is, the whole of life will appear but as a day, and the only question of any moment to us then will be, has that day been wasted? Wasted it has not been by those who have been for however short a time a source of happiness and of moral good, even to the narrowest circle. But there is only one plain rule of life eternally binding, and independent of all variation in creeds, and in the interpretations of creeds, embracing equally the greatest moralities and the smallest; it is this—try thyself unweariedly till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being both duly considered, and then DO IT.

You are very kind to say what you have said about those reviews [copies of the old numbers of the *London and Westminster*]. You are likely to hear of some of the writers, and judging of your feelings by what my own would be, I thought it might be sometimes agreeable to you to be able to turn to something they had written and imagine what manner of persons they might be. As far as my own articles are concerned, there was also a more selfish pleasure in thinking that sometimes, however rarely, I might be conversing with my absent friends at three hundred miles distance. We scribblers are apt to put not only our best thoughts, but our best feelings into our writings, or at least if the things are *in us* they will not *come out of us* so well or so clearly through any other medicine [*Qy. medium*]; and therefore when one really wishes to be *liked* (it is only when one is very young that one cares about being admired), it is often an

advantage to us when our writings are better known than ourselves.

As we might suppose, he was wholly free from the petty tyranny of authorship: he did not expect all his friends to read his books. There is an entry in this year, 1842: "John Mill talked about his book on logic, which he is going to give us; but he declares it will be more intelligible than interesting — how intelligible he will find out in two years. He forbids my reading it, though, except some chapters which he will point out. 'It would be like my reading a book on mining because you live in Cornwall — it would be making friendship a burden.'"

When the Foxes went to London, they renewed their intimate intercourse with the Mill family, and the sympathetic diarist gives more than one charming account of Mill, all alike full of his simplicity, eagerness, and diligent search for truth and justice. One of these pictures must suffice: —

Returned with Harriet Mill from Carlyle's lecture to their house in Kensington Square, where we were most lovingly received by all the family. John Mill was quite himself. He had in the middle of dinner to sit still for a little to try and take in that we are really here. A good deal of talk about Carlyle and his lectures: he never can get over the feeling that people have given money to hear him, and are possibly calculating whether what they hear is worth the price they paid for it. Walked in the little garden, and saw the Falmouth plants which Clara cherishes so lovingly, and Henry's cactus and other dear memorials. Visited John Mill's charming library, and saw portions of his immense herbarium; the mother so anxious to show everything, and her son so terribly afraid of boring us. He read us that striking passage in "*Sartor Resartus*" on George Fox making to himself a suit of leather. How his voice trembled with excitement as he read, "Stitch away, thou noble Fox," etc. They spoke of some of the eccentricities of their friend Mrs. Grote, whom Sidney Smith declares to be the origin of the word "grotesque." Several busts of Bentham were shown, and some remark being made about him, John Mill said, "No one need feel any delicacy in canvassing his opinions in my presence;" this indeed his review sufficiently proves. Mrs. Mill gave us Bentham's favorite pudding at dinner!

After a most happy day we walked off, John Mill accompanying us through the Park. He gave his version of John Sterling's history. In early life he had all the beautiful peculiarities and delicacies of a woman's mind. It at length dawned upon him that he had a work of his own to accomplish; and earnestly, and long unsuccessfully, did he strive to ascertain its nature. Though his writings are such as would do credit to anybody, yet they are in-

ferior to his conversation; he has that rare power of throwing his best thoughts into it and adapting them to the comprehension of others. John Mill wrote him the other day that he would gladly exchange powers of usefulness with him. Talked on the spirit of Sect as opposed to that of Christianity and subversive of it. Friends in their essential character must have less of it than any other; though of course, in theirs as well as in all sects, the *esprits bornés* will exalt the peculiarities and differences above the agreements — the very spirit of Sect.

On another day, he pursued the same theme. "The spirit of sect," he said, "is useful in bringing its own portion of truth into determined prominence, and comfortable in the repose it must give, to be able to say, I am sure I am right; on the other hand, it not only walls up the opinions it advocates within the limits of its own party, but it is very apt to induce a pedantry of peculiarity and custom, which must be injurious to truth. He thinks that the principles of Friends would have been more influential in the world, and have done it a greater proportional good, had they not been mixed up with sect." In all this Mill was only working out a striking passage, never to be forgotten by any one who has ever read and meditated upon it, in Condorcet's "Life of Turgot," which was always one of his favorite books. It would give matter for some interesting speculation to compare Turgot's sage objections to the spirit of sect, with Burke's sage defence of political party.* Burke in effect admitted that men frequently acquire in party confederacies a narrow and bigoted spirit. But, he said, though the situation of a party man may be a critical one, duty may make it at the same time a necessary one, and it is our business to keep free from the evils attendant upon it, and not to fly from the situation itself. Mill in practice acted upon Burke's principle rather than on Turgot's, and on the whole in the few exertions of his public life sensibly complied with the obvious general conditions of political usefulness.

It is no fanciful conjecture that this intimate association with members of the Society of Friends had a serious effect upon the turn of Mill's thought and character at that time. "It is a new thing," Sterling told them, "for John Mill to sympathize with religious characters; some years since he had so imbibed the errors which his father had instilled into

* Towards the end of the "Thoughts on the Present Discontents."

him, as to be quite a bigot against religion." Yet the truth was that James Mill always admired the Friends, "thinking that they did more for their fellow-creatures than any other body." In this he was not alone among the great men of the eighteenth century. Voltaire is as marked in his praise of the English Quakers, as he is in admiration for Locke or Newton. John Mill had read Sewell and Rutty before he was ten years old, and he was now induced to read at Falmouth a writer who was more likely to be deeply sympathetic to him than either of these. He was full of the book, and seems for the time to have delighted in expatiating upon the spirit of it.

This was the volume of which Charles Lamb said, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart, and love the early Quakers." The writer was a member of the Society of Friends, born in the first quarter of the last century in New Jersey. He came over to England on a visit, was smitten with the small-pox, and died at York in 1772. It is hardly possible for the Christian religion to wear a more attractive dress than in this good man's simple record of his dealings with his own conscience and his faithful work in compliance with its voice. "I was early convinced in my mind," he says, "that true religion consisted in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator, and learns to exercise true justice and goodness, not only toward all men but also toward the brute creation; that as the mind was moved by an inward principle to love God as an invisible, incomprehensible being, by the same principle it was moved to love him in all his manifestations in the visible world; that as by his breath the flame of life was kindled in all animal sensible creatures, to say we love God as unseen, and at the same time exercise cruelty towards the least creature moving by his life, or by life derived from him, was a contradiction in itself. I looked upon the works of God in their visible creation, and an awfulness covered me; my heart was tender and often contrite, and universal love to my fellow-creatures increased in me; this will be understood by such who have trodden in the same path. Some glances of real beauty may be seen in their faces, who dwell in true meekness." This humane and compassionating spirit stirred in him a great uneasiness on the subject of slave-keeping, and much of his life was passed in visiting the Friends in various of the

States, and striving to move their consciences as to the grievousness of slavery by discourses of proper urgency, but always seasoned with reasonableness and charity. The germ of some of Mill's most characteristic social speculation may well have sprung up in meditating on such a passage as this:—

In my youth I was used to hard labor; and tho' I was middling healthy, yet my nature was not fitted to endure so much as many others: That being often weary, I was prepared to sympathize with those whose circumstances in life as freemen required constant labor to answer the demands of their creditors; and with others under oppression. In the uneasiness of body which I have many times felt by too much labor, not as a forced but a voluntary oppression, I have often been excited to think on the original cause of that oppression, which is impressed on many in the world: And the latter part of the time wherein I labored on our plantation, my heart, thro' the fresh invitations of heavenly love, being often tender; and my leisure time frequently spent in reading the life and doctrine of our blessed Redeemer, the account of the sufferings of martyrs, and the history of the first rise of our society: A belief was gradually settled in my mind, that if such who had great estates generally lived in that humility and plainness which belongs to a Christian life and laid much easier rents and interests on their lands and monies, and thus led the way to a right use of things, so great a number of people might be employed in things useful, that labor both for men and other creatures would need to be no more than an agreeable employ; and divers branches of business, which serve chiefly to please the natural inclinations of our minds, and which at present seem necessary to circulate that wealth which some gather, might, in this way of pure wisdom, be discontinued. (Pp. 137-8.)

In his own life, Woolman carried this sage vein of reflection into practice. He was remarkable for the plainness and simplicity of his dress, and avoided the use of all plate, costly furniture, and feasting. Deliberately he kept a thriving business within strait limits. "My mind," he says, "through the power of truth was in a good degree weaned from the desire of outward greatness, and I was learning to be content with such conveniences that were not costly; so that a way of life, free from such entanglements, appeared best for me, though the income might be small. I had several offers of business that appeared profitable; but did not see my way clear to accept of them; as believing the business proposed would be attended with more outward care and cumber than was required of me to en-

gape in." One part of his business was to write their wills for his neighbors. As this writing, he says, was a profitable employ, and as offending sober people was disagreeable to his inclination, he was straitened in his mind, but soon came to the conclusion that he ought not to be the scribe where wills were drawn leaving slaves.

About this time an ancient man of good esteem in the neighborhood came to my house to get his will wrote; he had young negroes; and I asked him privately how he proposed to dispose of them? he told me: I then said, I cannot write thy will without breaking my own peace; and respectfully gave him my reasons for it; he signified that he had a choice that I should have wrote it; but as I could not, consistent with my conscience, he did not desire it; and so he got it wrote by some person. And a few years after, there being great alterations in his family, he again came to get me to write his will: his negroes were yet young; and his son to whom he intended to give them, was, since he first spoke to me, from a libertine, become a sober young man; and he supposed, that I would have been free, on that account, to write it. We had much friendly talk on the subject, and then deferred it: And a few days after, he came again and directed their freedom, and so I wrote his will. (42.)

The literature of the eighteenth century, from the formal treatise down to the social essay, abounds in disquisitions on luxury, how it enervates men and weakens empires, but Woolman's quiet words on it are more likely to be effectual than many a page of wordy homily. He has been talking of the use of spirituous drink:—

As I have sometimes [he says] been much spent in the heat, and taken spirits to revive me, I have found by experience, that in such circumstances the mind is not so calm, nor so fitly disposed for divine meditation, as when all such extremes are avoided; and I have felt an increasing care to attend to that holy spirit which sets right bounds to our desires; and leads those who faithfully follow it, to apply all these gifts of divine providence to the purposes for which they were intended. Did such who have the care of great estates, attend with singleness of heart to his heavenly Instructor, which so opens and enlarges the mind, that men love their neighbors as themselves, they would have wisdom given them to manage, without finding occasion to employ some people in the luxuries of life, or to make it necessary for others to labor too hard; but for want of steadily regarding this principle of divine love, a selfish spirit takes place in the minds of people, which is attended with darkness and manifold confusions in the world. Tho' trading in things useful is an honest employ; yet thro' the great number of superfluities which are bought and sold, and through the corruption

of the times, they who apply to merchandise for a living, have great need to be well experienced in that precept which the prophet Jeremiah laid down for his scribe: "Seekest thou great things for thyself? seek them not," (48-9.)

All this is richly worth reading for its own sake, but those who care to trace the genesis of opinions will find it especially interesting in connection with one of the most unexpected of the speculative chapters in Mill's "Principles of Political Economy," where he disclaims the aversion of the old economists for the stationary state, and confesses that he is not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal condition of human beings is that of struggling to get on; that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each others' heels, which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of human kind.*

On the religious side Mill was undoubtedly well prepared to find the nourishment of true sympathy in the circle at Falmouth. He found little dogmatic superstition and none of the repulsive dryness of mere deism. Religion in the case of Caroline Fox seems to have worn its sweetest and most winning air. She, at any rate, and presumably most of her family, had moved away, as indeed most of her generation and the generations since have done, from the austere doctrine of the primitive Friends. An entry in her journal notes how one, "old Samuel Rundall, has ended his weary pilgrimage, with his old wife sitting by his side: 'he departed as one who was glad of the opportunity.'"

He [she goes on], far more than any I have seen, carries one back centuries in the history of opinion and feeling. He was a perfect Quaker of the old George Fox stamp, ponderous, uncompromising, slow, uninfluenced by the views of others, intensely one-sided, with all the strength and weakness of that characteristic; a man to excite universal esteem, but no enthusiasm; simple and childlike in his daily habits, solemn and massive in his ministry; that large voice seemed retained to cry with ceaseless iteration, "The kingdom of God is within you." Last of the Puritans, fare thee well! There was a certain Johnsonian grandeur about him, and one would have lost much insight into a bygone time and an obsolete generation by not having known him.

Her own faith was the exact opposite of all this, not ponderous nor slow nor one-sided. As she says in one place (1846),

* Book iv., chap. vi.

"I have assumed a name to-day for my religious principles — Quaker-Catholicism — having direct spiritual teaching for its distinctive dogma, yet recognizing the high worth of all other forms of faith; a system in the sense of inclusion, not exclusion; an appreciation of the universal and various teachings of the Spirit, through the faculties given us, or independent of them."

Any reader of the "Autobiography" may perceive how this Coleridgean spirit, worked out in a gracious and intelligent way of daily living, would fit in with Mill's mind at this time. It was a little later that Sterling spoke of the gradual development which he had watched in him. Mill, said Sterling, "has made the sacrifice of being the undoubted leader of a powerful party for the higher glory of being a private in the army of Truth, ready to storm any of the strong places of Falsehood, even if defended by his late adherents. He was brought up in the belief that Politics and Social Institutions were everything, but he has been gradually delivered from this outwardness, and feels now clearly that individual reform must be the groundwork of social progress."

In another place we find the entry (1842):—

December 22. — Barclay had a letter from J. S. Mill; he speaks of his growing conviction that individual regeneration must precede social progress, and in the mean time he feels that the best work he can do is to perfect his book on Logic, so as to aid in giving solidity and definiteness to the working of others.

And Mill was now paying one of the penalties of this development in the coldness of his earlier allies. This was the time when his older friends had begun to feel about him what Dr. Bowring expressed to the Foxes. "He spoke of Mill with evident contempt as a renegade from philosophy — *anglic*, a renouncer of Bentham's creed and an expounder of Coleridge's. S. T. Coleridge's mysticism Dr. Bowring never could understand, and characterizes much of his teaching as a great flow of empty eloquence, to which no meaning was attachable. Mill's newly developed 'imagination' puzzles him not a little; he was most emphatically a philosopher, but then he read Wordsworth and that muddled him, and he has been in a strange confusion ever since, endeavoring to unite poetry and philosophy." There was something in this, no doubt, as the volume of posthumous "Es-

says on Religion" disclosed to us; but the way in which it is said is a good illustration of what Mill himself so wisely abhorred as the spirit of sect.

We can believe that Mill's fine and interesting character was never more interesting than now. He drops out of the page rather suddenly, and the last glimpse of a relation between him and Miss Fox is a reference to a letter which she was moved to write to him on the mournful occasion of her brother's death in 1855. "It came over me so strongly one morning," she writes to Mill's sister, "that Barclay would like him to be told how mercifully he had been dealt with, and how true his God and Saviour had been to all his promises, that I took courage, and pen, and wrote a long history. Barclay had been the last of our family who had seen him, and he said he was very affectionate, but looked so grave, never smiling once; and he told him that he was about to winter in the south by Sir James Clark's order. I hope I have not done wrong or foolishly, but I do feel it rather a solemn trust to have such a story to tell of death robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory."

Sterling makes a more conspicuous figure in the journals than even Mill, and the writer herself expresses an opinion that his-table talk was even better worth preserving than Coleridge's. He appears in her pages much as Carlyle has painted him. We get the same idea of exuberance, dash, rapidity, unbounded variety of theme. Books, pictures, theology, society, are all in turn and out of turn made the occasion for what must have been vivid and suggestive remark. We use this expression, because the vividness is not seldom matter of inference, owing to the fact which has been already hinted at, that Miss Fox cannot be placed among the most successful reporters in literature. She has not the art of Eckermann, or Boswell, or even of Madame d'Epinal, in reproducing the sentence and phrase of the speaker. So in Sterling's case we rather derive a general impression of his range and mental temperament than carry away any great number of remarkable or definite propositions.

Carlyle comes before us both in his prime and at the close. Miss Fox used to see him in the early times when he lectured on Heroes, and she gives a graphic account of his appearance as he came forward to talk about the Hero as Man of Letters. "It is so dreadful for

him," said Mrs. Carlyle, "to try to unite the characters of the prophet and the mountebank; he has keenly felt it; and also he has been haunted by the wonder whether the people were not considering if they had had enough for their guinea." One amusing picture is Sterling's description of Count d'Orsay coming to sketch Carlyle: "A greater contrast could not possibly be imagined; the Scotch girl who opened the door was so astonished at the apparition of this magnificent creature that she ran away in a fright, and he had to insinuate himself the best way he could through the narrow passage." There is a good deal of humor, too, about the singular man who came to tell Carlyle, much to the old sage's amazement and discomfiture, that he had been brought up in Quakerism, but that Carlyle's books had converted him first to Benthamism, and then to Roman Catholicism! On the whole it is the drearier side of Carlyle that these pages present to us. The reader is led to feel with Dr. Calvert that none but those of great buoyancy and vigor of constitution should have subjected themselves to his depressing influences. Dr. Calvert was right. If one sought to measure how little of either direction or edification there was in personal intercourse with Carlyle, it was enough to contrast how different was the impression with which one walked away from Cheyne Row, from that which haunted one after a visit to Mill at Blackheath or to George Eliot in the earlier days at St. John's Wood. Carlyle, enters our diarist one day in 1858, "seems to grow drearier and drearier; his wife still full of life and power and sympathy, spite of the heavy weight of domestic dyspepsia. Kingsley pays him long visits, and comes away talking just like him: 'Why, if a man will give himself over to serve the devil, God will just give him over to his choice to see how he likes it,' etc." That was in fact nearly as much, save certain flashes of grotesque and incomparable humor, as anybody ever did come away with, and with all respect for the genius both of Carlyle and of Kingsley, still we can only feel that these sonorous mouthings about God and the devil were for all practical purposes in life, the highest even more than the lowest, no better than filling the belly with the east wind. Carlyle himself gave Dr. Calvert what was the true explanation of his forlorn, haggard view of the world and its ways. "Well," Carlyle said, "I can't wish Satan anything worse than to try

to digest for all eternity with my stomach; we shouldn't want fire and brimstone then."

Let us turn for a moment to pleasanter things. Those who love to be carried back in their mind's eye to the captivating beauty of the English lakes will linger over a little vignette in which Hartley Coleridge is the central figure, though as always in every association with that happy landscape, the greater figure of Wordsworth haunts the scene:—

September 9.—A glorious morning with Hartley Coleridge, who gradually unfolded on many things in a tone well worthy of a poet's son. In person and dress he was much brushed up; his vivid face sparkled in the shadow of a large straw hat. He took us to the Wishing Gate which Wordsworth apostrophizes, and set us wishing. Barclay accordingly wished for the repetition of some of Hartley Coleridge's poetry, on which he begged us to believe that the Gate's powers were by this time exhausted. He says he never can recollect his poetry so as to repeat it. He took us to the outside of his rosy cottage, also to that which had been occupied by Wordsworth and De Quincey. He talked of the former and declared himself an ardent admirer of his beauties, as he likes a pretty idea wherever found. He thinks that his peculiar beauty consists in viewing things as amongst them, mixing himself up with everything that he mentions, so that you admire the Man in the Thing, the involved Man. He says he is a most unpleasant companion in a tour, from his terrible fear of being cheated; neither is he very popular as a neighbor. He calls him more a man of genius than talent, for whilst the fit of inspiration lasts he is every inch a poet; when he tries to write without it he is very dragging. Hartley Coleridge is very exquisite in his choice of language. . . . So we idly talked and idly listened, and drank in meanwhile a sense of the perfect beauty and loveliness of the nature around us. We walked up to Rydal Mount, but Wordsworth is in Hertfordshire, on his return from Italy. Mrs. Wordsworth was very kind, took us over their exquisite grounds, which gave many openings for the loveliest views, congratulated us in an undertone on our rare good fortune in having Hartley Coleridge as a guide, and gave us ginger-wine and ginger-bread. We saw the last, and as Hartley Coleridge considers, the best portrait taken of Wordsworth in Italy, also a very fine cast from Chantrey's bust. In the garden at the end of a walk is a picturesque moss-covered stone with a brass tablet, on which Wordsworth has inscribed some lines saying that the mercy of the bard had rescued this stone from the rude hand of the builders, and that he trusted when he was gone it might still be regarded for his sake.

They saw Wordsworth himself on a visit at Hampstead, and on another occa-

sion (.844) at Rydal Mount. There are some sayings of his that are worth selecting from Miss Fox's notes. For instance :—

Mamma spoke of the beauty of Rydal, and asked whether it did not rather spoil him for common scenery. "Oh no," he said, "it rather opens my eyes to see the beauty there is in all; God is everywhere, and thus nothing is common or devoid of beauty. No, ma'am, it is the *feeling* that instructs the *seeing*. Wherever there is a heart to feel, there is also an eye to see; even in a city you have light and shade, reflections, probably views of the water and trees, and a blue sky above you, and can you want for beauty with all these? People often pity me while residing in a city, but they need not, for I can enjoy its characteristic beauties as well as any."

Some critics and poets will find the following theory of poetical conservatism very hard to accept; yet it is as pregnant, weighty, and profound within its limits as criticism can be :—

"Hartley Coleridge is of that class of extreme radicals who can never mention a bishop or a king, from King David downward, without some atrabilious prefix or other. Surely this is excessively narrow and excessively vain, to put yourself in opposition to the opinions and institutions which have so long existed with such acknowledged benefit; there must be something in them to have attracted the sympathies of ages and generations. I hold that the degree in which Poets dwell in sympathy with the Past, marks exactly the degree of their poetical faculty. Shelley, you see, was one of these, and what did his poetry come to?" "But," said I, "some would not be true to themselves unless they gave a voice to their yearnings after the Ideal rather than the Actual." "Ah, but I object to the perpetual ill-humor with things around them," he replied; "and ill-humor is no spiritual condition which can turn to poetry. Shakespeare never declaimed against kings or bishops, but took the world as he found it."

For a half-truth, this is full of importance, and it has been a characteristic of "extreme Radicals" since Mill began to influence them, to accept it as heartily as Wordsworth himself could have wished.

He took us to his Terrace [at Rydal] whence the view is delicious: he said, "Without those autumn tints it would be beautiful, but with them it is exquisite." It had been a wet morning, but the landscape was then coming out with perfect clearness. "It is," he said, "like the human heart emerging from sorrow, shone on by the grace of God." We wondered whether the scenery had any effect on the minds of the poorer people. He thinks it has, though they don't learn to express it in neat phrases, but it dwells silently within

them. "How constantly mountains are mentioned in Scripture as the scene of extraordinary events; the Law was given on a mountain, Christ was transfigured on a mountain, and on a mountain the great Act of our Redemption was accomplished, and I cannot believe but that when the poor read of these things in their Bibles, and the frequent mention of mountains in the Psalms, their minds glow at the thought of their own mountains, and they realize it all more clearly than others." Thus ended our morning with Wordsworth.

The old man's manner, as he talked in this way, was "emphatic, almost peremptory, and his whole deportment virtuous and didactic." Wordsworth, we may be sure, was unconscious that much of his future influence in the world would lie with those to whom law and redemption are words with no more than a historic meaning. One of the elements that give living power to Wordsworth's poetry is the support and companionship that he provides for men who have lost the guidance and the consolation of old faiths. He teaches them to find nature in the stead of the light that has gone out; and if they can no longer worship with edification in temples that are made with hands, Wordsworth shows the secret of a higher edification by meditative communion in solemn recesses and chosen sanctuaries within the great temple of the universe.

It was five years later than this, towards the end of 1849, that one of Miss Fox's relatives gave her a last picture of Wordsworth, and a beautiful picture it is :—

December 29. — Aunt Charles, writing of a visit to the now patriarchal-looking Poet at Rydal Mount, says, "The gentle, softened evening light of his spirit is very lovely, and there is a quiet sublimity about him as he waits on the shores of that Eternal World which seems already to cast over him some sense of its beauty and its peace."

Here we must leave this interesting volume with all its cheerfulness, its suggestion of wise and pleasant thoughts, and its excellent spirit of piety. It recalls to us some of the best men of our generation in every walk. We have even a glimpse or two of politicians—of Mr. Bright, "fighting his Parliamentary battles over again like a bull-dog," "always ready for a chat and a fulmination, and filling up the intervals of business with 'Paradise Regained';" of Cobden, "who has a good face, and is a clear, manly speaker;" of M. Guizot, with the story of his escape, and a little of his talk, which is only moderately interesting (a shrug of the shoul-

der significantly doing duty for his views on Ireland, as might happen to many of us just now); finally of the present chief secretary as follows: "W. E. Forster writes from Daniel O'Connell's house, where he is much enjoying himself. His family and all call the old man the Liberator. He lives in a simple, patriarchal style, nine grandchildren flying about, and kissing him, on all sides." It is happy for men that they are spared foreknowledge of the ironies which the future has in store for them. But on this let us not enlarge. One of the charms of the book is that it takes us well away from all the dust and confusion of the daily battle, and leads us as if in person for an hour or two into the charmed circle of poets and thinkers.

EDITOR.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
COLERIDGE MARGINALIA.
HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

THE true lover of books very properly regards it as nothing short of a crime if his favorites are dog-eared, soiled, scribbled upon, or otherwise treated with contumely. He cannot believe that those who really value these precious treasures could deal with them in such fashion. Occasionally, however, a true book-lover is encountered who can find it in him thus to disfigure his volumes; and, more rarely still, we actually are grateful for this disfigurement — that is to say, if it is confined to annotations. There are some few men who by this habit have immensely enhanced the value of their libraries; but their number, on the other hand, is so small, that this practice is by no means to be commended. Of these few, Samuel Taylor Coleridge was a notable example. It was his custom to scribble over every book that interested him, whether it belonged to himself or to another. Of his own books he made perfect confidants, telling them much about himself and his ideas that would otherwise have been lost to the world. This was more especially the case in the latter and lonely years of his life, when he read much and wrote less — when his metaphysical instincts became more and more dominant — when he occupied himself almost exclusively with the vain attempt to solve the riddles of life, that commonest of sources, according to De Quincey, of beguiling the sense of misery. Owing to this habit, therefore, of writing in his books, there

are still extant many Coleridgeana which have never seen the light of day, although we already possess several volumes of such marginalia. De Quincey once suggested that a collection of Coleridge's notes should be made, feeling assured that such an *omnium gatherum* "would form a *corpus* of genial, penetrating, and discriminative criticism that might be sought for vainly elsewhere." Unfortunately, Coleridge's library was continually passing out of his hands during his lifetime, and it would be no easy task completely to carry out De Quincey's suggestion. Upon his death, however, many of his books would appear to have found their way to the shelves of his executor, Mr. Green.

Joseph Henry Green was not only an eminent surgeon, he was an ardent student of philosophy and a devoted disciple of Coleridge. In his youth he had made an excursion to Berlin solely for the purpose of reading philosophy with Professor Solger. He was as versatile in his studies as Coleridge, and there was great mental affinity between them. Whether the work he wrote during the last years of his life, entitled "Spiritual Philosophy," in which he strove to give in system the doctrines which he deemed most distinctly Coleridgean, has value enough to survive, is perhaps doubtful. But in any case he will go down to posterity, since two of his poems have been preserved to the world by Coleridge, embalmed, like ephemera, amid the amber of his own. With this man, then, Coleridge was in the habit of exchanging thoughts, both verbally and by means of annotated books; and it is little wonder that, when the poet died, his philosophical books passed into the possession of Mr. Green.

It is but the other day that by fortunate chance the British Museum became possessed of some sixty and odd richly annotated volumes, once the property of Coleridge, and afterwards of Mr. Green. With few exceptions they are German books, and almost all are of a philosophical and metaphysical character. Rarely, very rarely, has Coleridge dated his annotations, and hence there is nothing but internal evidence whereby to determine to which period of the poet's life they belong. From this we should be inclined to assign them almost all to the last decade of his life, when he devoted himself almost exclusively to philosophy, theology, and metaphysics. And they are perhaps doubly interesting on that account, since they show that even the sexagenarian

Coleridge had not attained to inward quiet, to harmony with himself and the world, — had not discovered that peace, be it of apathy or resignation, that is the boon of the aged. Readers of Hazlitt may perhaps remember how he tells in "The Liberal" of his first acquaintanceship with Coleridge, giving a graphic account of a walk and talk he had with him on this occasion. "I observed," he says, "that Coleridge continually passed me on the way by shifting from one side of the footpath to another. This struck me as an odd movement, but I did not at that time connect it with any instability of purpose, or involuntary change of principle, as I have done since. He seemed unable to keep on in a straight line." This same inability to keep on in a straight line while walking affected Coleridge mentally; and this natural bias, quite as much as his habit of opium-eating, if not more, may possibly account for the comparatively slender achievements of one so magnificently endowed. We have never been more struck with this instability than in looking over the marginalia of these newly acquired national treasures. What are Coleridge's real opinions? we constantly wonder, as we see him shift from side to side, combating views he lately defended, or lauding some he recently condemned. The peculiar charm of these notes is that they were obviously not intended for publication, as we know some have been. Hence we catch our thinker in undress, and thus become more familiar with him than if he were *en robe de cérémonie*.

The notes in these volumes are too numerous for quotation; often, too, some of the most interesting would be obscure without the context that called them forth. Others are too philosophical or scholastic to interest the general public. Many pencillings, again, have been so rubbed as to have become wholly or partially illegible. And worst of all, a very large number have been mutilated by a careless and irreverent binder, who has carefully trimmed the edges with a neatness which he no doubt considered exemplary. There are entire volumes in which not a single note can be sufficiently deciphered, or the meaning restored. It was Coleridge's habit to annotate with a pencil — only very occasionally he has recourse to a pen. Once he actually himself transcribes his notes in ink, in order that they may be preserved, because, as he says, "pencil-notes are treacherous memorials, or rather confidants that too soon lose their power of

being treacherous." Would he had often thought so! or, so thinking, had acted accordingly —

Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.

All Coleridge's notes testify to the great care and attention with which he read, though it is often noticeable that he annotates very ardently at the beginning of a volume, and then drops it, or says much less. Some notes have obviously been made with a view to Mr. Green's benefit, for he once or twice says, "You see, my dear Green," etc.; but the greater portion were for private use. Once, however, it would appear that his notes may have been intended to aid him, or possibly another, in writing a review. This was on the second and enlarged edition of Malthus' "On the Principles of Population." He inscribes after his own name that the book was the gift of D. Stuart. The date of the work is 1803. It was in that year that Stuart retired from the editorship of the *Morning Post*, for which Coleridge wrote so much under his management. It is therefore quite possible that this may have been one of the last books he treated there. This, too, was the period when Coleridge was in general sympathy with Godwin, whom, in earlier years, he had rated very low, and consequently, like his friend, he is violently opposed to Malthus, and can hardly read him with patience. "Fool," "Ass," "Booby," are specimens of the dislogistic epithets that escape his pencil, and are marked against various passages; concise but expressive criticism. Once, after some of Malthus's verbose argumentation, he writes in the margin, "This precious philosopher." Already in the preface his ire breaks out, when Malthus says he has written his work with a moral view: —

The stupid ignorance of the man! [writes Coleridge]; a moral view! To begin such a book as this without stating what a moral view is! If it be immoral to kill a few savages in order to get possession of a country capable of sustaining a thousand times as many cultivated and happy men, is it not immoral to kill mothers of infants and men by crowded cities, by hunger? etc.

Before he has got much further, he says:

Quote this paragraph as the first sentence of your review, and observe that this is the sum and substance of eight pages, and that the whole work is written in the same ratio — viz., 8 lines of sense and substance to 8330 = 240 lines of verbiage and senseless repetition; and even of these eight lines all the pomp of nu-

merals and ratios might have been cashiered by substituting a proportion which no one in his senses would consider as other than axiomatic — viz., supposing that the human race amount to 1,000,000,000, divide the square acres of food-producing surface by 500,000,000, that is to say, so much to each married couple, estimate this quotient as high as you like if you will, even at 1,000, and even at 10,000 acres to each family, suppose population without check; and take the average increase of men from two families as five (which is irrationally small, supposing the human race healthy, and each man married at 21 to a woman at 18), and in twelve generations the increase would be 48,828,125. Now, as to any conceivable increase in the productions, or improvement in the productions, of the 10,000 acres, it is ridiculous even to think of production at all, inasmuch as it is demonstrable that either already in this twelfth generation, or certainly in a generation more (I leave the exact statement to schoolboys, not having Cocker's arithmetic by me, and having forgotten the number of square feet in an acre), the quotient of land would not furnish standing-room to the descendants of the first agrarian proprietors.

The book clearly exasperated him beyond endurance. We have only space to quote a portion of another long note. He annotates:—

It is in the last degree idle to write in this way without having stated the meaning of the words vice and virtue. That "promiscuous intercourse, unnatural passions, violations of the marriage bed," etc., are vices in the present state of society, who can doubt? So was celibacy in the patriarchal ages. Vice and virtue subsist in the agreement of the habits of a man with his reason and conscience, and these can have but one moral guide, utility, or the virtue and happiness of rational beings. We mention this, not under the miserable notion that any state of society will render these actions capable of being performed with conscience and virtue, but to expose the ultra-ungroundedness of the speculation. Adding, however, that if we believe with Mr. Malthus, that man never will, in general, be capable of regulating the sexual appetite by the law of reason, and that the gratification is a thing of physical necessity equally with the gratification of hunger—a faith we should laugh at for its wickedness, if we did not feel abhorrence—nothing would be more easy than to demonstrate that some one or other of these actions, whether abortion, or the exposure of children, or artificial sterility on the part of the male, would become fixtures, a thought which we turn from with loathing; but not with greater loathing than from the degrading theory of which it would be a legitimate consequence, and which, by a strange inconsequence, admits the existence of all these vices, and of all that mass of misery on account of which alone these vices are vices, in order to prevent that state of society in which, admitting of these actions

after the birth of the second or third child, the whole earth might be filled to its full extent with cultivated happy beings! Mr. Malthus is continually involving himself in the idle blunder of the Quakers, who idolize words. For instance, I am talking to you; I and everybody use you to signify one person; and we all use it indiscriminately to men of all ranks and conditions; you so understand it; there is neither an intention of deceiving nor a possibility of being deceived, yet I am guilty of a *lie* and flattery, because, forsooth, some centuries ago the word "you" was only known as a plural, and applied to individuals of high rank, from motives of flattery.

At last Coleridge gives up the attempt to annotate, though apparently he read the whole book, for he makes several marks, queries, and interrogations in the margin. At last he breaks out petulantly:—

I am weary of confuting such childish blunders. All that follows to the 335th page may be an entertaining farrago of quotations from books of travels, etc., but surely very impertinent in a philosophical work.

Bless me! 370 pages, for what purpose? A philosophical work can have no legitimate purpose but proof and illustrations (and 350 pages to prove an axiom! to illustrate a self-evident truth! It is neither more nor less than book-making.)

And herewith Malthus is dismissed,—an author who, according to the testimony of Allsop, must at all times have been to Coleridge as a red rag to a bull.

A volume of "The Doctor" inscribed "with the author's compliments," does not receive much attention from Coleridge, and such as he gives to it is mostly in opposition to Southey. Here is a note to page 209 that is highly characteristic. He holds that Southey has made a confusion of terms:—

Truth and evidence are distinct terms, the latter implying the former, but not *vice versa*. Truths equal in *certainty*, may be of very unequal *evidence*—*ex. gr.*, geometry and the differential calculus. Would that Southey could be induced to see that the light from metaphysics—that *lumen fatuum*, at which he so triumphantly scoffs—is better than the recollection of the legends and technical slang of commonplace sermons! and then, instead of "the light of mere reason," he would have said, "the inferences of the sensual *understanding*, imperfectly enlightened by reason. There is something shocking to a thoughtful spirit in the very phrase, "mere reason." I could almost as easily permit my tongue to say "mere God." I am a Christian of the school of John Paul, Athanasius, Bull, and Waterland,—a Church of England Christian, and therefore do not say, God is the Supreme

Reason; but this I will and do say, that the Supreme Reason (*ὁ λόγος*, Jehovah, *ὁ ὤν*) is God. And are there two reasons, a rational reason and an irrational?

When Southey speaks of women losing their surnames by marriage, and hence rendering the study of genealogy difficult, Coleridge writes:—

This evil in genealogy the French and Germans endeavor, if not to prevent yet in part to remedy, by affixing the maiden or paternal to the married name—thus Frances Patteson *née* Coleridge; Catherine Pappenheim *geboren* von Oxen—an heraldic usage worthy of adoption in England, where the disruption of the married daughter from her parent stock, and absorption into the name and family of the husband, is not to be praised. It is a discontinuing in descent, and a nothingizing of the female.

Nor would he seem to have had a high opinion of Southey's judgment, to conclude from this note appended to the chapter on "the art of verbosity." He writes:—

There is such obvious cause for the complaint in this chapter, and it has for centuries been so popularly the subject of ridicule and animadversion, that a wise writer would have so far doubted as to inquire whether there did not exist some countervailing reason for its continuance, some rational obstacle or difficulty in its removal.

Southey having permitted himself to say that a person who opposes the customs of the world is a humorist, and otherwise defining humor in a manner distasteful to Coleridge, he breaks out with—

The question should have been—Is the individual who condemns and opposes "the world and the world's laws" necessarily a humorist? Was John the Baptist a humorist? Simon Stylites was. Yet they both defied the world and the world's laws. But this is the prominent fault of the author, that in order to give zest and scenery to commonplace thoughts, he turns truth into falsehood by raising generals into universals. The old adage, "Extremes meet," might have saved him from this.

For Dr. Nehemiah Grew, the botanist, Coleridge expresses much admiration and a high estimate of his powers. To a folio of his "*Cosmologia Sacra*," he appends many notes that have become illegible. At the close of the first chapter, Coleridge writes:—

This Chapter I. is not all I could wish it. It does not grapple with the only—for men who attach a distinct meaning to their words—the only possible question. Autotheism?

or Pantheism? *Deus mundus non?* or *Deus mundus?* For atheism in any other interpretation is a mere blasphemy of a babbling bravo! But oh, how does it not, to the shame of our theology of 1833, weigh down this Bridgewater £8,000 Treatise!

But the great interest of this volume, as regards Coleridge, consists in the circumstance, that on some blank pages at the end, he has inscribed two variants of the famous epitaph on himself. One corresponds to that printed in his works, except the line,—

A poet lies, or that which once seemed he;
which in this MS. runs,—

Here lies a poet, or what once was he.

It is headed "Epitaph in Hornsey Churchyard. Hic jacet S. T. C." The second, headed "Etesis Epitaph," runs:—

Stop, Christian visitor! stop, child of God!
Here lies a poet: or what once was he!
Pause, traveller, pause, and pray for S. T. C.;
That he who many a year with toil of breath,
Found Death in Life, may here find Life in Death.

And read with gentle heart—Beneath this sod
There lies a poet.

Beneath is written,—

Inscription on the tombstone of one not unknown; yet more commonly known by the initials of his name than by the name itself.

In his notes to theological works, Coleridge's constant swaying of opinion is very marked. Thus his annotations to Waterland's "Importance of the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity" are wonderfully orthodox, according to our present ideas of the views a thinking and reading man like Coleridge might hold in our own day. He writes:—

I know of no one point in the New Testament that perplexes me so much as these (so-called) "miraculous gifts." I feel a moral repugnance to the reduction of them to natural and acquired talents, ennobled and made energetic by the *life* and convergency of faith; and yet on no other scheme can I reconcile them with the idea of Christianity, or the particular supposed, with the general *known* parts. But, thank God! it is a question that does not in the least degree *affect our faith* or practice. But I mean, if God permit, to go through the Middletonian controversy as soon as I can procure the loan of the books, or have health enough to become a reader at the British Museum.

This is by no means in harmony with what he afterwards wrote in his paraphrase of Lessing's "Bibliolatriy." In a

work entitled "The Coming of the Messiah," a translation from the writings of a converted Spanish Jew, prefaced by Edward Irving, there are some most remarkable notes, that would lead one to suppose that at one time of his life Coleridge was a sympathizer with Irving's curious sect. Still more interesting is it to find that Coleridge must have annotated this volume twice, the notes from this work, printed by H. N. Coleridge in vol. iv. of the "Literary Remains," in no wise corresponding to the volume before us. The date of this book is 1827, therefore the time when Coleridge lived in Highgate, and saw much of the young Scotch divine. His remarks are written quite in Irving's spirit, showing how receptive was Coleridge's mind even so late in life. None of his usual critical temper peeps forth; he would seem to have subordinated his judgment to his "reverend friend," who "as an ordained minister of Christ, must know better," and so forth. Nor is the mystery much explained when he at last writes:—

In all these marginal notes since those on the first part of this pre-discourse, I have written in the character of a convert to Mr. Irving's main *κίνημα* or tenet—the second personal coming of the crucified Son of Mary. What I object, therefore, is not objected against the doctrine but in support of it indirectly, at least by removing this or that obstacle, this or that unnecessary difficulty in the way of its reception. On this account and in this spirit I object to the protrusion of a (necessary, I admit, but nevertheless a) *dim* and *shadowy idea* in no part of Scripture asserted for its own sake, or as the proper and primary end and purpose of the text—an *idea* which there is no sure ground for supposing to have ORIGINATED in Revelation, but which we have strong ground to believe imported by the returning captives from Persia—an idea which may almost be described as oscillating between a dogma and a mythus. I object, I say, to the expediency of protruding this into the foreground of the argument, among, or rather at the head of, the most solemn, certain, and express articles of faith and facts of revealed history. Of those who *think* at all, there is probably no man who is in the habit of thinking half as freely as the author of the present annotations that goes equally far in the disposition to vindicate the objective existence of the devil, or that attaches so much importance to the primordial fall (*ἀποστασις*) of the spirits. My whole system of divinity is distributed into *σάβας*, *ἀποστασις*, *μεταστασις*, and *ἀνδοστασις*. But still I would not make a hypothesis, however rational, co-ordinate with the firm foundations and cornerstones of the faith revealed (S. T. C.). Were my sense of the importance equal to my sense of its certainty, to my *doubtless*

conviction of the truth, there would be no position on the truth of which I would more readily stake my life and reputation than on the Satan in Prologos of Job being no evil personage at all; and this is the primary sense of the Hebrew Satan, and doubtless its sense in this not improbably most ancient book extant, *Circulator* or minister of police and public accuser—combine the French Minister of Police and our Attorney-General in one functionary—the repeating angel. He acts throughout strictly *in character*. He nowhere calumniates Job, in no point exceeds his king's express commission; but only (as the dramatic propriety demanded) replies to the king's question in the appropriate and very far from unreasonable answer. In all my rounds of inspection I have detected nothing amiss in Job, but yet I dare not assert the positive integrity of his principles, or his inward righteousness, since hitherto he has been beyond all men preserved from temptation. This may not be as amiable as the reply which this sacred dramatist would have given to the excusing or guardian angel, but as surely it is neither malignant nor slanderous. He performs his part and *exit*.

Then come poor Job's devils—viz., his wife and his kind friends and comforters. It absolutely bewilders me to explain to myself how a man of Irving's genius and free spirit can possibly immolate so evidently true and genuine an interpretation to the idol of rabbinical fabling. Warburton, too, received, without thinking about it, the same fancy. But he saw clearly that then the book could not have been written before the Captivity, and was thus led to the monstrous figment of its having Ezra for its author!

In conclusion, Coleridge breaks out into this remarkable prayer:—

O Almighty God, Absolute Good, Eternal I Am! Ground of my being, Author of my existence, and its ultimate end! mercifully cleanse my heart, enlighten my understanding, and strengthen my will; that if it be needful or furtherant to the preparation of my soul and of Thy Church, for the advent of Thy kingdom, that I should be led into the right belief respecting the second coming of the Son of Man into the world, the eye of my mind may be quickened into quietness and singleness of sight.

A volume of sermons by John Miller, presented to Coleridge by their author, and dated 1830, is annotated in a more liberal spirit. Miller, dismissing some argument as metaphysics, Coleridge breaks out with—

This is *metaphysics*, and that ominous word is the magic *anti sesamè* to fling the door of the mind in the face of the reasoner—yea, to bolt and bar it against all entrance. Strange infatuation! Metaphysics, that is, *μεταφυσικα*, truths that transcend the evidence of the

senses! And this is a *terriculum* to a professed believer in a God, a Redeemer, a responsible will, and a birth in the spirit to Him who saith, I am the resurrection and the life — the life everlasting! Infatuation indeed! Yet scarcely to be called strange, inasmuch as it may be easily explained by the straw and froth which the idols of the age, Locke, Helvetius, Hume, Condillac, and their disciples, have succeeded in passing off for metaphysics. But is it not mournful that such commonplace stuff, scummed from the mere surface of the senses, should have superseded the works of Luther, Melancthon, Bucer — yea, of Bull, Waterland, and Stillingfleet — in the libraries of the clergy, and in those who have and use libraries? I do not mention Richard Baxter, because — though of all divines the nearest to the opinions of the serious ministers of our present Church — he is numbered among the Dissenters with about as much right as I might charge a man with desertion, whom I had thrown out of a window in the hope of breaking his neck. But this I will say, that in Baxter's "Catholic Faith," and others of his works, there is enough to shame, as well as supersede, whole shelves of later divines and metaphysicians, French, Scotch, and English. God knows my heart, there may be, and I trust are, many among our clergy who love, prize, and venerate our Church as earnestly and as disinterestedly as I do. But that any man on this side idolatry can love and prize it more, or more sincerely, it is not in my power to believe. For those, however, who suppose, like the Master of Trinity [Wordsworth], or he who wrote on "Eikon Basilike," that the character of our venerable Church is identified with that of those diseases of the age — Charles I., Laud, and Sheldon, I must submit to be scowled at, as an alien and an adversary.

12th September, 1830.

About the same time dates Coleridge's perusal of Jahn's "History of the Hebrew Commonwealth," which was translated by an American, who often rouses Coleridge's ire by his curious use of words. "Obligated" elicits from him a fierce comment: "Is this gross vulgarism," he asks, "naturalized in America, that even men of learning adopt it?" To the account of Saul's deposition he appends the following shrewd and common-sense remark: —

God forgive me if it be an evil thought! but had I read the same account in any profane history, I should not have scrupled to consider this deposition of Saul as the result of the theocratic party's jealousy of their own diminishing influence. How much less heavy do these transgressions of Saul seem than those related of David!

Coleridge's keen sense of fun breaks out in the most unexpected places; and even when he is most abstruse, he still

remains a practical Englishman. This feature comes out strongly in his philosophical notes, though at times he allowed himself to be caught in the meshes of idle words. To Jurien's "History of the Council of Trent," Coleridge makes another of the arch criticisms of that common-sense character that has been so well defined as "uncommon sense."

A beech rises in a columnar trunk to the height of twenty feet from the ground, and then it divides into two as the Samian Y. A river flows from its fountain in one widening stream over a vast tract of country, and through various soils, till it reaches a bed of rocks, over and between which it twists, foams, roars, eddies, for a while "shatters its waters abreast, and in merry tumult bewilder'd rushes diducious all, rushing impetuous onwards," till it is met by a vast compact breastwork of rock which divides the stream into two diverging channels, and obtains the name of the Rock of Separation. Which of the two limbs shall call itself the beech-tree and retain the name of trunk? Which of the two streams, the southwest or the south, shall call itself the river? Is not the question palpably absurd? What if the genii or naiad of the one channel should, with an angry sneer, ask the sister naiad, Where were you and your stream before rock separation? Might not the latter reply, Exactly where you were, sister. To be sure I have deposited a good deal of the mud and the filth which our waters had contracted during their long journey. I wish, sister, you would make use of my filtering machine. To the same purpose was the answer of — to his Catholic neighbor, who had asked him, Where was your religion before Luther, then? "Where was your face before you washed it this morning?"

While having great sympathy with the Germans, Coleridge appears to have entertained an irrational dislike to the French. He sums up Desmoulins's "*Histoire Naturelle des Races Humaines*" with —

This work is the quintessential Frenchman, and Desmoulins the pure and intense Frenchman. No other nation could have produced the author of this work.

Then, endeavoring to confute some of his views, he says: —

To M. Desmoulins I must not speak of God or Providence. Well, it shall be Nature, then.

A remark which shows his preconceived bias the more; because, had he turned the next leaf and read the dedication, he would have found that it began with "A toi que Dieu m'a donnée."

Clearly Coleridge was not free from prejudices. While reading a translation

of the Abbé Dubois's work on India (dated 1817), — a farrago, by the way, of falsehood and misstatements, — he is constantly attacking French reasoning. Dubois writes: —

The education of these people [the Indian natives] corresponds to the meanness of their origin. Their mind is as uncultivated as their manners; and everything seems to justify the small esteem in which they are held.

This rouses Coleridge, and he exclaims:

Truly French, and so far justifiable. For a Frenchman feels that he is born a Frenchman: he is the *peccatum originale* of the *vis vite plastica* of the planet, which there reappears in the link which connects the Frenchman as its highest result with the spiritual life — namely, in man. So much vice in the primary impulse, so much Frenchman.

After reading on a while, however, even Coleridge is obliged to admit that there are some excellencies in the work, though he shows that his acquaintance with French writers cannot have been wide when he ascribes to them unconnectedness of thought.

This is the honestest book of its kind as written by a *Frenchman* that I have ever read; but still the Frenchman is conspicuous in the utter unconnectedness of thought. There is throughout not so much a confusion as a contradiction between the opinions of the writer (*ex gr.*, in his eulogy on Caste) and the facts which prove the effects to be equally horrible and degrading.

His anger once more breaks out when Dubois calls Spinoza a materialist. "Nonsense!" writes Coleridge; "Spinoza was no materialist." He goes on to show that neither are the Buddhists materialists, as Dubois would have them, and then makes this remarkable observation: —

I question whether there was ever exact knowledge of geometry in India to render a pure materialism possible.

It is to be deplored that Coleridge did not proceed to show how geometry leads to materialistic views.

Here are a few more annotations, culled as they will bear dismemberment from the text: —

The Buddhists seem to have referred all knowledge to sensation in the first place, as Locke (as far as he was consistent with his premisses), Hartley, Condillac, etc., have explained the palpable difference between knowledge and sensation, or in a proposition by the *partiality* of the sensation. In short, the result would be *as usual*, that the philosopher had called Jack, Tom, and Tom, Jack; but *barring*

that, was no greater fool 'and no greater Solomon' than his neighbors.

There is something revolting in capital punishment upon the mere principle of civil and political economy — upon the principle of general consequences, and the *law of human happiness*, as set forth in the case of forgery, for instance.

Everywhere the atheism, which is the groundwork of *all* polytheism, peeps out — *i.e.*, intellect is falsely taken as the result of *limitations*, that is, the finite mind. Vishnu, ignorant of tactics, is taught by the apes.

Dubois, writing that he holds it probable that Pythagoras derived his system of transmigration of souls from India, calls down on his head this rebuke: —

It might have been as well if it had been first proved that Pythagoras really taught the doctrine of transmigration relative to the soul or reason of man. In any other sense we might as well call a chemical treatise on the nature of manure a doctrine of metempsychosis.

But one of the most acute, most characteristically Coleridgean remarks, is that which he makes when Dubois states that even Socrates, who had arrived at just ideas of the Deity without the assistance of revelation, had lapsed into idolatry at his death. The abbé founds this charge upon the fact that the philosopher, after he had taken the hemlock, whispered to his disciple Crito to offer a cock to *Æsculapius* in his name.

Assuredly there was some meaning, some hint or doctrine, which Socrates meant to convey by this enigma, *possibly* that the sacrifice of the first annunciator of a revolutionary truth was necessary to heal the feverish state of the public mind, and by the natural reaction of human feelings the most certain means of spreading the truth. The cock = the morning herald. By the by, how coolly this Roman Catholic speaks of "their only Lord"! Have not his own religionists lords many, and gods (*divi*) many? The idolatry of the Romanists is not so foul, but it is equally gross.

Argens's "*Lettres Cabalistiques*," which Coleridge read in a German translation, gives him another opportunity to abuse the French. Argens often quotes Spinoza. Coleridge says: —

This coxcomb Frenchman probably never looked into the Ethics of Spinoza, but certainly did not, could not, understand a sentence of it. What is matter in Spinoza? One of the two modes of contemplating the Divine Being, into which all other modes are reducible — *viz.*, Thought and Extension. The system is false indeed, for Spinoza had no right to include Power, Life, and Will under Thought; but so far from being materialism, it is evi-

dently a dogmatic idealism: its radical error consists in its dogmatism, in its identifying *Hoc videtur et hoc est*.

To one of his reasonings he says contemptuously:—

Just such a proof as this: in a long and intricate calculation, A made a mistake which B detected—*ergo*, there is no certainty in arithmetic.

Mesmer's first work appears to have much interested Coleridge, but he makes few notes on it, and winds up with—

I think it probable the animal magnetism will be found connected with a *warmth sense*, and will confirm my long, long ago theory of volition as a mode of double-touch.

But by far the most interesting, as throwing light on Coleridge's mind, are his notes to the philosophical authors. He especially admired Kant. A complete set of the sage's works are copiously annotated—annotations, unfortunately, too strictly philosophical to be in place here, but which should be examined before they vanish, as they are rapidly doing. How much more thoroughly he comprehended Kant than the men who proposed to walk in his footsteps, this note will show:—

Kant had a good deal of the Englishman in him, and of all people the English are the least tolerant of charlatanism in any but admitted charlatans. Now that Leibnitz, with all his acknowledged genius and merits, had a *dash* of the Rosicrucian in his compound, cannot be denied.

Kant, he says elsewhere,

wrote *for* his age, not *with* it, or with it only as far as the *form* and *method* extend. Kant had, first, to overthrow; secondly, to build the best possible temporary shed and tool-house, both for those ejected from the old edifice, and for the laborers, etc.; lastly, in this shed to give the hints and great ideas for the erection of a new edifice. What since Kant is not in Kant, as a germ at least?

Kant's "heavy and buckram" style, as Heine defines it, has deterred the general reader from his works; and hence few of them are aware that there exists from his pen a most attractive and readable book, written within the comprehension of all men. This, the "*Anthropologie*," seems to have delighted Coleridge as it must all who peruse it. His notes upon it cannot, however, with one exception, be quoted intelligibly without the context. This exception applies to the passage where Kant discusses the origin of formal speech, such as when the kings say "we" in lieu

of "I." Kant traces the cause to egoism, condescension, and feudalism. Coleridge, on the other hand, says:—

Rather from a relique of democracy, retained by the policy of Augustus, who, merging in one the most important magistracies, would be addressed, not as a person, but as a proxy of the majority—majestas. We, *i.e.*, the Tribunes, the Pontif. Max., and the Princeps Senat.

Kant's criticism on Herder, in his collected writings, calls forth all Coleridge's admiration. He writes:—

A perfect model of a review! Kant takes the ground with all the ease and courtesy of a gentleman and a veteran, places his mortal strokes with so sure yet so light a hand, compliments the fallen antagonist so handsomely, and, finally, inters him with all military honors. O poor Herder! thou art defunct as a philosopher, and all thy metaphysics and Calligones only prove thee a spiteful, resentful ghost! Go, go, poor ghost, and keep company with Ajax and Dido!

On the fly-leaf of this same volume, Coleridge has scribbled two aphorisms:—

Judgment is, when the rule has been given, to apply it to the particular case.

Wis is to bring the particular under a general rule.

To the successors of Kant, and more particularly to the naturalists, Coleridge is much opposed, and can never resist a hit at their expense. And Coleridge uses a long lash when he uses one, and it stings! Though he has himself been accused of obscurity, he is perfectly alive to the vagueness and pretentious emptiness of the German philosophers and thinkers of that period, that their sentences were too often "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Little wonder that while reading them the impressionable Coleridge grew misty too, and acquired some of their phrases, so that at last he could lay himself open to the charge brought against him by Carlyle, who says of him, that he talked with solemn emphasis of matters of no interest, or got caught in the maze of technical phrases. While constantly complaining of mistiness in his authors, he is often just as nebulous himself. Still, ever and anon, his English sense of fun and clear-headedness break through. It is fearful to contemplate what Coleridge might have become with his natural leanings had he been born in Germany, and this some of these notes enable us dimly to apprehend. But being an Englishman, "in spite of all temptation to belong to another nation,"

he could speak like this of Schubart, who had been writing some transcendental inanity:—

Ergo [says Coleridge] a bright fire is the apotheosis of coal; and Mary, as fire-maker, a maker of black angels, and other beatified superplanetaries!

While I laugh, I grieve in anger,—not that trash should be published in Germany more than in London, but that such *mawkish* trash should have a *name*,—be quoted as original genius; and that by such men as Tieck! I begin to be sick of all the post-Kantian philosophers.

But it is Heinrich Steffens, with his ardent idealisms,—his dreaminess, his poetical nature, his attempts to fuse natural history and philosophy in one crucible,—his geognostico-geological essays,—that Coleridge is most perplexed how to deal with. He does not seem to have escaped the personal fascination Steffens exercised over all who came in his path—and he tries sincerely to like his writings—but he is often forced to own that he cannot imagine what it all means, and once points out that, if the writer had translated his sentence into English or Latin,

he could not have written such vague stuff, which, translated, proved rubbish,—though in German it sounds grandly vague, and as if it must have a deep meaning.

Again he says:—

N.B.—I do not object to the *thoughts*; but it is a mystical way of talking—an imposing manner; and whatever is imposing partakes of imposition, and is second cousin, if not cousin-german, to imposture. I don't like such cozening.

And yet again:—

Dichterisch schön! Verstehest Du aber dich selbst, theurer Steffens?

And still once again:—

I have tried hard, and with sincere good-will, to make some sense out of this, but I have not succeeded.

I scarcely dare believe my eyes! Can this be Henry Steffens? Nay! it must be some changeling, left in the place of the stolen child, by Gentz, Schelling, or some other Jesuit. And the logic? The man who can contemplate all the horrors of war, famine, and pestilence—who knows that both himself and wife, with seven young children, must pass through the land so visited, and—nor turn his left-leg stocking the wrong side out, and set his terrier at the first black cat he meets with,—etc., etc.—*aber klar, deutlich*, etc. O Lord! No,—he must be a mad fellow at the bottom!! and *can* such abominable trash be Steffens!

For already then the Germans were preaching that godlike character of war—*i.e.*, brute force—which has recently found its supreme expression in the utterances of Moltke. Coleridge's peace-loving soul revolts against these doctrines. After reading Steffens's sophistical arguments, he exclaims:—

But what, in the name of common sense, has all this to do with the necessity of national wars? If there be any force or meaning in the argument, a nation ought to be always at war. What if the Austrian and Neapolitan soldiers, instead of cutting throats, had joined in draining the Pontine Marshes? Does it follow that they would never think of death and the last judgment? *Erscheinung* comes in so on all occasions, that I don't know what I am to understand by it. Read the detail of the history of the wars of Louis XIV., and then say whether burning, murdering, massacring, starving, ravishing, desolating, etc., are not the *rule*, and Steffens's "fairest, holiest, and grandest" the rare exception? And where is the proof that even in these the same agents might not have exhibited the same or equal nobleness in the pursuits of science or humanity in a time of peace? War may be, and probably is, a lesser evil in the present corrupt state of mankind; but to puff it up into a positive good is too bad! The Apostle James teaches a very different lesson—Whence comes war among you? etc. How sophistical, too, to make the accidental direction of a virtue (of the chivalrous spirit, for instance) the essence of the virtue, or the virtue itself!

In combating the German notion of the State as "a thing in itself," an almighty Ego, Coleridge annotates almost in the spirit of Herbert Spencer, when he says:

What is government but a certain number of men of rank, pretty fair representatives of the class from which they are chosen? I think the German philosophers give too much to the State, and thus give to Cæsar what is God's.

At last he can stand these maudlin meanderings about the sanctity of the State no longer, and breaks out with—

The abominable no-meaningness, yet slavish indifference of all this downright provokes me. The all-meaningness and thin-blown bladdery universalisms of the lectures generally is bad enough.

I have so often teased myself with the question, What does Steffens mean? that I now begin to ask whether Steffens means anything?—*i.e.*, has any meaning. I am sure I as little understand what he is driving at in this passage as if it had been written in Sanscrit.

In Steffens's mystical account of the resurrection, written in the spirit of his school, that posed as very Christian, in order to please the authorities, and espe-

cially the king of Prussia, and which was at heart utterly indifferent to religious matters, Coleridge detects the false ring that could impose on Steffens's countrymen:—

All this palaver and parade of Biblical and liturgical phrases and dogma is essentially atheistic—atheism in a gown and surplice.

And elsewhere:—

Is this that Steffens? or *der heilige Stephanus*? not stoned, but boned to death. *Mea sidera!* But the resurrection is past with H. St., and I have got a crick in the neck with gazing at his ascension. Where can the meaning be gone to? A cloud, a black crow in a schoolboy drawing X a speck—'tis gone! and naught remains but my eye and the Dutchman's blue breeches!! It is a doleful consideration, which Steffens seems to have overlooked, that in consequence of the excess of phosphate of lime, the human bones have the worst chance of *all* bones of remaining for the Resurrection Trumpet! But in serious earnest, my dear G., is it not melancholy to hear a man like Steffens somnolize in such a mystifying cant of Hylozoism, of Pickism, a hodge-podge of the grossest materialism, and the most fantastic yet maudlin moonery?

Neither does Coleridge like Steffens's remarks, written in the servile spirit that strove to curry favor with the German courts, also current in his day.

To hear Steffens talk, one would imagine that by some pre-established harmony, some new refinement of predestination, a boorly soul was born a boor, and that all calm and lofty souls entered with the features of future Serene Highnesses. Oh fie! fie! What other equality but that which Steffens himself demands do the German patriots themselves require? the equality of power to develop powers subject to no other checks than the necessity of unequal possessions brings with it. These, God knows! are numerous enough, without any wanton additions on the part of the laws and Government. In short, I do not know what or whom Steffens is combating. A peasant does not wish to be a lord—no, nor perhaps does he wish to be a parson or a doctor; but he would have the soul of a slave if he did not desire that there should be a possibility of his children or grandchildren becoming such.

An incidental remark on the laws of property has been mutilated by the binder. So far as it is legible, it is interesting as showing that Coleridge's prophecy on this subject with regard to France has been falsified:—

With exception of a few fanatics, who have ever doubted the expediency and even necessity of hereditary property in a civilized country? And the French nation will soon see

the moral and political necessity of limiting the equal division of inheritance beneath, as of restoring the law of primogeniture.

Equally false is his prognostic with regard to gold, which Coleridge pronounces

a mere temporary and conditional necessary that in England has *already* been proved to be dispensable, but, in the progression of the commercial system, will fall into the class of luxuries.

The word *schein*, as used by the Schelling school, especially annoys Coleridge. He confesses that he cannot understand it:—

There seems to me a confusion of *schein* with *præterience* or impermanence. How can a man *seem* to himself to have a fit of the colic?

It would have been supposed *prima facie* that Coleridge would be in mental harmony with Herder, whose eclectic sympathies, conflicting elements of nature, restless tendencies towards the new doctrines and strong clings to the old, had so much in common with Coleridge's own. To judge from the notes before us, this was, however, far from being the case. Unhappily Coleridge's notes to Herder's "Kalligone," which would appear to have been most entertaining, have had their life-thread cut short by the shears of Atropos the bookbinder. What would one not give to have the end of one where he speaks of Herder protruding his glossy-green-and-gold-flesh-fly sting against the cuticle of the Königsberg sage? Some amusing words of Kant's, supposed to be thus stung, seem to follow, but they are too mutilated to be made out. A note, written on a sheet of note-paper, and bound into the volume, has happily escaped the Vandal bibliopegist. It is one of the few notes that are dated, and treats of Herder's unfortunate and ill-considered attack upon Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason:—"

MALTA, Dec. 19, 1804.

And thus the book impressed me, to wit, as being rank abuse, drunken self-conceit, that, kicking and sprawling in the six-inch deep gutter of muddy philosophisms from the drainings of a hundred sculleries, he dreams that he is swimming in the translucent and the profound. I never read a more disgusting work, scarcely so disgusting a one, except the "Metacritik" of the same author. I always, even in the perusal of his better works,—the "Verm. Blätter," the "Briefe des Stud. Theol.," and the "Ideen zur Gesch. der Mensch.,"—thought him a painted mist, with no sharp outline; but this is mere steam from a heap of man's dung.

If ever there was a = first syllable of the Latin for Thrush in a Bandbox, or meanness in millinery, it is realized in this diatribe of Herder's!! It disturbs my [illegible] to see a man transform the thoughts of a profound philosopher into poetic Whip-Syllabub, and then by affixing a different meaning to the same words, give himself the air of confutation and insult; *vide p. 14, et passim*. So important is Kant's distinction, that one of the surest characteristics of genius, as compared with talent, rests upon it. *Ex.* Alston and Jack Dawe are both employed each on a picture. The latter constantly meditates on the arbitrary consequence of his *Handlung* or business, the £300 promised. The former cannot work at all except as far as he removes this from his mind, and finds the end in the means and the true delight in the very labor.

Herder's theology would appear to have aggravated him yet more than his philosophy, and Coleridge's reasons for differing from him are of the most orthodox character:—

It is hard under one name to designate Herder's faith, "if faith it may be called, which faith is none." It is, or seems to be, composed of contrary elements in the act of balancing each other, but not quite balanced, and thence substantial, and still glowing in restless vibrations, a *sensibility*, a certain refined Epicureanism of moral sense, a desire to possess the sympathies of a mass of Christians, and to govern them thereby, and yet an equal desire to be respected by the philosophers—the Intellectuals. He will linger in and about the camp of the *Religious*, but there he will have, or will forge for himself, a ticket, a certificate from the philosophists, authorizing him so to do. Alas! but is not this very like a spy? The most amusing thing in all Herder's theological tracts is the cool (*vornehm*) quality-like looking down upon all the founders of Christianity. "Poor, simple creatures. Excuse them, gentlemen, they had very good hearts; and though they were somewhat silly, yet really put yourself in their place,—suppose that instead of our rank, education, and various immeasurable superiorities, we had been vulgar, ignorant Jews and blackguards, like Peter, John, etc.,—we should have thought and acted much the same." And this is a defence of Christianity!!!

That Fichte's manner of thinking annoyed Coleridge is less astonishing. Readers of Heine will remember how inimitably that writer ridicules the thinker who demanded that thought was to play the spy on itself while thinking. "This operation," says Heine, "reminds us of the monkey seated on the hearth before a copper kettle cooking its own tail, for (it urged) the true art of cooking consists not in the mere objective act of cooking, but in the subjective consciousness of the

process of cooking." Coleridge has not said anything as just and witty as this. But he makes some acute remarks. Thus, reading Fichte's "*Bestimmung des Menschen*," after much marginal confutation and vain attempts to clear up Fichte's nebulous sentences, he writes, after the dialogue between the Ego and the Spirit:

Will = I x Thing.

On my word this is a most docile, easily contented *Ich*, and the Spirit is a *rum* Spirit.

Having regard to Fichte's doctrine that the object is identical with and not independent of the subject, Coleridge writes:

Truisms may be so disguised in high words, that, to the common stock of man, woman, and child, they seem to be the property of an individual. If I adopt the Newtonian optics, I take for granted a picture in my retina propagated, I know not how, through my brain and my mind, so by means of this I see a *chair*. Now conscience, awful conscience, intervenes, and says, "Though thou dost not really see the *chair*, but only a mode of thy own brain, yet I forbid thee to run thy shins against it.

When Fichte writes, "*Aller Tod in der Natur ist Geburt, und gerade im Sterben erscheint sichtbar die Erhöhung des Lebens*," a fine-sounding sentence without much sense to redeem it, Coleridge writes:—

Mors vita vitalior—viz., a few grains of arsenic, or the bloody flux, or the morbus pediculosis!—and this man yet deems himself a critical philosopher, who came not to destroy, but to fulfil the law of his master, Kant? This man who, page after page, can rant away in the perfect silence of all human consciousness! grounding all on an equivocal of the word "I."

When he has at length worked his way through the volume, Coleridge writes at the end of the book:—

I propose to myself to consider the philosophizing mind as gradually ascending, not a Jacob's-ladder, but a sort of geometrical staircase with several rests or landing-places, each invisible to those below it, but commanding them and their points of view; and on leaving any one to make it clear and lively why the mind in question could not but attempt to climb higher, and why so many remained behind them, and believed nothing above but clouds and the sky.

Fichte's "*Versuch einer Kritik aller Offenbarung*" was clearly read more than once. To Fichte's remark that all founders of religion did not refer to reason, but to supernatural authorities to support their views, Coleridge writes:—

Not true, for Christ refers to the *practische*

Vernunft as the highest evidence. "Do the will of my Father, and ye shall know whether I am of God." To this note I add, ten years after the above was written, "Nay, Fichte is in the right, for Christians appeal even to the practical reason on the authority and by the command of Christ."

But it is rarely he is thus in accord with Fichte, who is constantly rousing his combative spirit. Thus, for example, Fichte's two favorite expressions, "*Der Trieb*" and "*Die Empfindung*:"—

I hold in much suspicion, I own, this *hypostasis* or *quasi* person *yclept* *Der Trieb* = Impulse, etc., and still greater this one, everywhere the same thing, called *Die Empfindung*,—and these my doubts are highly strengthened by the consequences here declared—namely, that "the activity of the understanding in thinking, the high views and prospects which the reason opens out to us," occasion the same kind of gratification as apple-pie, and custard! I say, I hold the whole tribe of *Vermögens, graviter suspectum*.

Fichte's "Lectures on Eternal Life," delivered in Berlin in 1806, Coleridge considers a distinct falling off from his best manner:—

Oh woful love whose first act and offspring is self! "I," and this not a present "I am," but a poor reflection thereof. In his better days, I taught a nobler dogma—viz., the generalization of the I from the thou in all finite minds.

To this volume Fichte appended a petulant chapter, in which he quoted from reviews of his works, and said that he held that such remarks relieved him from the necessity of writing any more.

How girlish! and because a reviewer or two attacked his weakness, therefore he must believe that the reading public have released him from the task and trouble of writing for them. Besides, Fichte's vaunt is downright outrageous. I, at least, should have considered such a review of a work of mine complimentary, however much I might regret that the reviewer had misconceived its scheme, and misrepresented my meaning in certain passages.

Tennemann's voluminous "History of Philosophy" was conscientiously plodded through by Coleridge, who evinces a huge capacity for reading and assimilating all manner of mental food. We have selected a few of his most interesting notes for quotation. In the first, Schlegel's influence is visible, for he it was who divided the world into Platonists and Aristotelians.

I have at times almost ventured to suspect that Plato saw early in Aristotle's mind an un-

fitness for certain more spiritual parts of his system, and therefore, in consistence with his principles, withheld them. We must not suppose that he made two sweeping divisions of his hearers, public and private, so that all were included in the second as one class who were not excluded as belonging to the first. I doubt not there were beside the esoteric of *ἐκτενέρεται*, while the *ἐκταρῶν* was perhaps intrusted to Speusippus alone. Tennemann was in the same grade as Aristotle; but from a reverence for Plato, which does honor to his moral sense, he unjustly charges the Stagyrte with misrepresentation, or rather with a direct falsification of Plato's doctrine in the very onset, which is incredible. He must have understood that Plato had meant something higher and other than *regulative*. Of this something he could make nothing out of his own mind but a sort of gods and goddesses. This he naturally rejected as mere fancy-work, so substitutes the regulative. How else could his system have been received as a diverse system in his own times, and controverted as such by the immediate successors of Plato? The poor trick attributed to Aristotle (that of stealing his master's horse, and then swearing it could not be his master's horse because that was piebald) succeeded, I own, in the instance of Locke *versus* Aristotle, and Descartes, and of Horne Tooke *versus* the Dutch etymologists; and under a conflux of accidental aidances, from factions in Church and State, and from a general aversion to speculative philosophy, which cannot be supposed in Atticus at the period at which the Peripatetic school was founded.

It half provokes one to see the *sang-froid* and cucumber self-complacency with which Tennemann first makes out his own "*original* religion of Jesus," and the "all that Jesus taught or meant" (poor man, he little thought that a few striking cures in the course of his medical practice would be exaggerated into miracles, or a few unguarded metaphors be condensed into mysteries); secondly, having thus stripped Christianity of all its constituent and peculiar facts and doctrines, as coolly, and with the same mousing gravity, informs us, that "*das Christenthum als Göttliche lehre war zu beschränkt als das es den menschlichen Geist gehörig ausfüllen und beschäftigen konnte!*" etc. Oh this quiet, prosy way of humming a man out of his religion, by bringing out the most arbitrary and paradoxical assertions as matters too plain and too long settled among men of sense to need more than to be merely stated, and with the air and tone of one into whose brain the very thought, that any one should think of denying or questioning his positions, had never once entered,—verily it is exquisite!

Divide mankind into two very disproportionate parts, the few who have, and who have cultivated, the faculty of thinking *speculatively*—i.e., by reduction to principles—and the many who, either from original defect or deficiencies, or from want of cultivation, do

not in this sense think at all; and you may then, according to my belief, subdivide the former class, the illustrious minority, into two species, scarcely less disproportionate in the comparative number of individuals contained in each—viz., the born conceptionists, the spiritual children of Aristotle, and the born idealists or Ideatæ, the spiritual children of Plato. The former system is comprehended in the latter, and therefore of admitted truth in all it affirms, and false, if false by denial only, of the distinctive tenets of the latter. The Aristotelian, therefore, is completely intelligible to the Platonist, while the Platonist is mere *sound*—*vox et præterea nihil*—to the Aristotelian. The Ideatæ are but somnolent Ideotæ. The difference being innate, all controversy is hopeless; and could it be ascertained in any particular instance, useless. Supposing, however, that the Platonist is in the right, he alone is the philosopher, and the men of thought might be divided into philosophers and philologists.

Montaigne's Essays are made delightful by their frank, autobiographical vein, by his amiable whimsies, his love and admiration of Plutarch, and by a hundred finenesses that *quiver* one, and a hundred genialities that make one warm and comfortable. But of Charron, and half-a-score other books of the same sort, from H. C. Agrippa's "*De Vanitate*" to the last Methodist or monkish sermon, vanity of vanities, I must declare that they are to me almost as dull as obscenity. I have not words to express the chopped straw, lack-spittle, dry, chewing feel I experience in reading them. At one moment I feel a wish to kick the author for lying, and lying stupidly; at another a painful sense of the excessive and yet self-conceitful imbecility displayed in them,—as if the absurdity of supposing little lions and young rhinoceroses being born out of warm mud at the same moment that the same spot of earth swelled up into mud-breasts, with warm lion or rhinoceros milk oozing or spouting from the tops, were less an absurdity because Epicurus said so, or threw any doubt it would not otherwise have had on Plato's and Harvey's "*Omnia ex ovo*;" or as if the elements of geometry were less certain to any one who had demonstrated the propositions, because Hobbes, in his utter ignorance of mathematics, was coxcomb enough to attack them. Add, too, the shallow sophistry of hauling together in one drag-net authors of all ages,—those who wrote in the infancy of a science with those who flourished in its full manhood, those who wrote in barbarous ages, and before the main discoveries had been made, etc.; and lastly, their wilful blindness to the fact that the dissenting opinions become fewer and of less importance as the science, whatever it be, is more cultivated. *Ex gr.*, the chemical workers in the time of Boerhaave and Stahl, compared with the London, Edinburgh, Parisian, German, Swedish, and Italian chemists under the Davy and Wollaston epoch; the

same remark applies in a less degree, but yet very strikingly to medicine; and yet from Sextus's experience to Hume, these are men who find especial favor, excite most interest, with Tennemann, who seems never to have enough of them, and respects the same trashy generalities and vacuities with the sober gout of a lewd Quaker, or Jenny ass. O Kant! Kant! thou hast much to answer for.

The imaginative power—a multiform power which, acting with its permeative, modifying, unifying might on the thoughts, images, specifics of the poet; the swimming crimson of eve on mountain, lake, river, vale, village, and village church, the flashing or sleeping moonshine in nature's poesy, and which, exercising the same power, in moral intuitions and the representations of work or baseness in action as the essential constituent of what is called a *good heart*—this power cannot be given or taught. It is always an indigena of the soil. Therefore I ought not to wonder—and yet, from the sincere respect and *good liking* I bear to Tennemann I cannot help wondering—that he could give even the meagre and gritty account that he has given of poor Böhmen, without some sympathy with the strivings and ferment of a genius so compressed and distorted by strait circumstances and the want of all the aids and organs of speculative thought, as that of the visionary, or some admiration of the occasional auroras and streaming lights in his dark heaven. But no! I used the metaphor of a ferment—and truly Tennemann, without looking deep enough to ascertain of what liquor, noticed only the scum, the yeasty froth, and tossing on the surface. The single conception of the sameness of the strangling anguish or bitter source in the dark ground of nature, with the triumph and stringency of the joy in the light and its self-retracings as the condition of consciousness, after its out-sallyings, is physiologically worth a cart-load of Tennemann's favorites—the Pyrrhonists and Sceptics. As to Böhmen's ideas of the horology or innate time in all creatures, or the continued existing operation of a miracle by the word in counteracting the influence of the longitude and latitude on human language, which would otherwise be a foreign tongue every half-degree N. or S., these were out of sight and hearing for our critic. But I can forgive all—only not the "*verstellte Demuth*;" this is the bitterness of a proud priest sneering at the virtues of a sufferer for conscience' sake—this was unworthy of you, friend Tennemann!

At length even Coleridge's patience, which would appear to have been long, comes to an end as the works of the many post-Kantian philosophers fall into his hands. He writes:—

All that staid and sober dignity of logical arrangement which Wolf had introduced, all that austere beauty of method which Kant added, seem to have deserted the present Ger-

man philosophers, who are sinking back rapidly into miscellany, and superfluous, and arbitrary — in short, into the style of oratorical lectures to ladies and grown-up gentlemen who have not time for reading.

This degeneracy is, I grieve to say, too apparent in this work on anthropology, and which might more fitly have been entitled sketches of all manner of things about men, women, and children, Greeks and Romans, and Dr. Gall of the New Testament.

Self-conceit that christens itself *Selbständigkeit* and vanity — that will be an original thinker and head-master, and tries to establish its claim by criticism — i.e., picking holes in the coat of the philosopher last in fashion, and, lastly, the professional *Auditor-en-sucht* — these are the factors to which the exhausted, effort-shunning, yet excitement-craving state of men's minds — the vast increase in the number of dressed people from shop, factory, and country house, who must know something about everything — and the *multisciolus* reviewing spirit of literature generally, are the co-efficients. The effects — detraction mixt-maxty, stale and cold meat on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, warmed up in the Saturday squab pie. New terms and new schemations. Add the pietistic cant of the Schleiermacher school, and you have the present state of philosophic thought of the Germans.

But I feel convinced [Coleridge says at last] that I misconceive Steffens and Co.; and therefore, according to my own golden rule, not understanding their ignorance, I conclude myself ignorant of their understanding.

Finally, Hegel's "Logic" evokes from him the following cry: —

A treatise concerning synonyms, etc., in any language, if accurate, is highly valuable to those who speak that language. But philosophy ought to be translatable into all languages. But here the definitions are not accurate, even as German! and yet, as German idioms they are plausible to Germans only.

We have omitted, as not suited to these pages, a large number of theological notes, that very specially illustrate the instability of opinion in Coleridge, to which we referred in the commencement. Indeed we have had to omit much more that we should greatly have liked to quote, but which the demands of space inexorably exclude. We have culled almost at random a few grains of gold from the treasure-heap. Two "fancyettes," as Coleridge names them, written at the end of a volume of Fichte, but having no connection with its text, we must, however, still quote. The one was very probably the rough sketch for a poem: —

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The two lovers hung over each other as fearfully, as lovingly, as the half-opened yet opening leaves of the moss-rose.

Intensity and extensity combinable only by blessed spirits. Hence it is that lovers in their fresh state, incapable of fathoming the intensity of their feelings, *help* the thoughts out by extension — commute, as it were — and thus think the passion as wide in time as it is deep in essence — hence, *Auf ewig dein!*

With the latter exquisite and penetrating remark we take our leave of Coleridge, wishing that all who deface their books may deface them to such good purpose as he.

From Golden Hours.

A PRISONER'S NOTE-BOOK.

"I HAVE wished to aid in sustaining the courage of persons subjected to misfortune by the recital of the evils I have suffered, and of the consolations which I found might be derived in the greatest afflictions; to bear my testimony that in the midst of prolonged torments I have never found mankind so unjust, so little worthy of esteem, so meagre in excellence as it is usually portrayed; to lead noble minds to love our fellow-mortals, and to hate no one; reserving an inextinguishable detestation only for base deceit, pusillanimity, treachery, and all moral degradation." So runs the preface to a narrative of ten years' cruel and continuous imprisonment, endured by a man whose only crime was that he loved his country; a man who had neither the inclination nor the energy to become an active conspirator, but whose aspirations for freedom, the marks of a cultivated and poetic intellect, brought upon him, first, the suspicions, and afterwards the dislike, of the despotic government then ruling Lombardy and Venice. For he had done worse than commit theft, or burglary, or murder; he had been the projector and promoter of a periodical advocating liberal principles — *Il Conciliatore*. True, that politics had been excluded from its pages — which dealt only with literary and scientific matters — but the tendency was to a free expression of thought. True, that some of the first men of the day were upon its staff — Gioja, the political economist; Manzoni, the poet; Romagnosi, the juriconsult; Brechet, Grossi, and Maroncelli. But the higher the ability displayed, the greater the offence given; and the Austrian eagle — in the shape of a literary

censor — swooped down upon *Il Conciliatore*. The offensive articles were struck out, and the paper appeared with several columns entirely blank. Under such circumstances it could not well continue to be published, and soon afterwards ceased to appear. But its contributors were marked men, and the government only waited fitting opportunity to place them under arrest. That opportunity was not long in coming. The Neapolitan revolution of 1820 increased the alarm of the Austrian authorities in the "Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom." A proclamation was issued, by which any connection with secret societies was punishable with death. Countless arrests were made, and among the first to suffer was the projector of *Il Conciliatore* — Silvio Pellico.

The only one of the group of promoters and contributors who escaped was Count Porro, who with Count Confalonieri, had done more than any other men of their day to practically benefit their countrymen. They founded infant schools, had borne the expense of lighting Milan with gas, and, in conjunction with Alexander Visconti, had caused the first Italian steamboat to be constructed. Such proceedings were not calculated to recommend them favorably to the Austrian government, and the cells of Santa Margherita were the rewards of their zeal for Italy. But of all the prisoners certainly none endured the long incarceration with more fortitude, and looked back upon it with less acerbity, than Silvio Pellico. From the commencement to the end of "*Le mie Prigioni*" — the account of his sufferings, published at Paris in 1833 — the key-note is patience, not unmixed with hope.

"I did all in my power," he says, "to be satisfied with everything, and to let my mind have every possible enjoyment. My most ordinary plan consisted in making the enumeration of the advantages which had brightened my existence — an excellent father, an excellent mother, excellent brothers and sisters, a good education, friends, a love of letters, etc. Who had more happiness than I? Why not render thanks to God, although this happiness was at present interrupted by misfortune? Sometimes in making this enumeration I grew tender-hearted, and wept for a moment; but my courage and my satisfaction soon returned."

Later on he speaks of having made a friend in the person of a little deaf-mute, about six years old, who, with several other children, played about the court-

yard at certain times of the day; but a change of cells deprived him of this pleasure, rendering it impossible for them to communicate by signs with each other. The loss was temporarily compensated by his discovery that the cell in which he had previously been confined was now occupied by Melchior Gioja, his much esteemed friend. After a while the companions in misfortune began to exchange salutations, as some *secondino*, or assistant jailer, more kindly disposed than the rest, appeared to have informed Gioja of Pellico's proximity to him. But the happiness was short-lived. They were forbidden to communicate by signs, and had to content themselves with looking at each other through the bars of their prisons. A severer trial was awaiting Silvio Pellico. He himself felt sure that his imprisonment would be long continued, but his relatives, especially his father, were of a different opinion, and he shrank from undeceiving his parent, compelling himself to speak calmly, and even hopefully, when they were allowed an interview.

Again his cell was changed, and in his new abode he was able to communicate with another prisoner, who declared himself to be the Duke of Normandy, Louis XVII., and gave many and minute particulars respecting that prince. But Pellico was a man of too extensive a knowledge to be imposed upon, though his natural kindness of heart prevented him from declaring his disbelief of the other's story, lest he should give pain to one who was a prisoner like himself. A fresh removal now awaited him. From Milan he was taken to Venice, and re-imprisoned, the place of his detention now being in the ancient palace of the doges, the highest floor of which — known as the Leads, the roof being covered with that material — had been used for State prisoners since the days of the Venetian republic. This cell had a large window, with enormous iron bars, and looked upon the roof of the Church of St. Mark, also covered with lead. In the court below was a public well, to which people continually had recourse. But at the height at which the cell was, those below appeared like children, and their words were only distinguishable when they happened to shout.

Here the wearisome and distressing examination by a special commission recommenced, and he tells us that he returned to his cell in such a state of nervous irritation and annoyance that often he felt he could have killed himself,

had he not been restrained by the voice of religion and the recollection of his parents. For a time, under the pressure of his misfortunes, he seems to have suffered acute mental anguish, but the long-continued habit of self-control and a certain quality of passive resignation brought him into a healthier frame of mind.

The only persons whom he now saw were the members of his jailer's family, and thus deprived of society, he passed the long, wearisome hours in writing on the rough table that formed part of the scanty furniture of his cell.

"The special commission," so he tells us, "had granted me ink and paper, but had ordered the sheets to be counted, and prohibiting me from destroying any, reserved to themselves the right of examining to what use I had put them. To supply the want of paper, I had recourse to the innocent artifice of polishing with a piece of glass a rough table that I had, and there I recorded every day my lengthy meditations upon the duties of mankind, and especially upon my own."

"When I heard the jailer or any other person open the door, I covered the table with a cloth, and placed upon it the ink-stand and the legalized quire of paper. This quire had also some of my hours devoted to it, frequently extending to a whole day or an entire night. It was then that I composed my '*Ester d' Engaddi*' and '*Iginia d' Asti*,' and several songs, fragments of tragedies, and other compositions."

"The hours so occupied passed pleasantly, in spite of the difficulty I experienced in breathing, from excessive heat, and the painful stings of the gnats. To diminish the number of these I was compelled, notwithstanding the heat, to envelop my head and limbs, and to write not only with gloves, but with my wrists bandaged, so as to prevent the little animals from getting up the sleeves. There were such swarms of them that, if I made the least movement and disturbed them, I was completely covered — the bed, the table, the chair, the floor, the walls, the ceiling, the whole room was filled with them — a countless multitude which went and came through the window with an intolerable buzzing. They increased frightfully in numbers. The winter had been peculiarly mild, and after some winds in March, the heat came on. It is not possible to imagine how heated the air in my den became; placed to the south, under a leaden roof, with a window opening to the roof of St. Mark, likewise of lead, the

refraction was terrific; I could scarcely breathe. I had no idea of a heat so overpowering. When I found by experience the misery of this visitation, and could not obtain a change of room, I felt arise within me once more the inclination to suicide, and sometimes I feared I should become mad. But, thanks be to God, such frenzies did not last long, and religion continued to sustain me. It convinced me that man ought to suffer, and to suffer with firmness; it made me feel in my grief a certain joy, a voluptuous satisfaction in not being vanquished, in rising superior to every evil."

Among the few alleviations of his misery was a small spider that had spun its web on one of the walls. He succeeded in taming it, and fed it on gnats and flies, till it became so familiar that it would come upon his bed and into his hand to secure its prey. So the burning summer passed, and just as he was, rejoicing that the fact which had caused him such discomfort during the hot weather, namely, the position of his cell, would be beneficial to him from its greater warmth during the winter, he was informed that once more it would be changed. His new cell was also under the leads, but with a window on each side, facing north and west — a place of terrible chilliness in the winter months.

As October came round, the month of his arrest, and also a month in which many private afflictions had distressed him, his mental depression became great and intense. He spent his time in writing on his table long letters to his family and friends — letters containing the warmest protestations of affection and regard. "These recreations," he says, "affected my mind, and in my dreams, or rather in my delirium, I saw my father, my mother, or some other of those whom I loved, lamenting my unhappy lot. I heard their distressing sobs, and I was suddenly aroused, also sobbing and affrighted. . . . At night my imagination was excited to such a pitch that I seemed to hear, although wide awake, groans and stifled laughter in my room. In my infancy I had never believed in witchcraft or ghosts, and yet now these groans and laughs terrified me, and I could not explain the cause. I was forced to doubt whether I were not the sport of some mysterious and malevolent power. I often took the light with a trembling hand and looked under the bed to see if no one was concealed there, and it frequently occurred to me that I had been removed from my first chamber into

this because the latter had a trap-door, or some hole in the wall, by which my keepers saw all I did, and diverted themselves by frightening me."

A few weeks later on it was reported that the sentences of a number of persons were made public, but no names as yet were given. Nine were condemned to death, but it was believed that the real punishment would be a lengthened term of imprisonment, and Pellico felt sure that he was one of those included in the recent sentences. The question remaining was, Would the punishment be death or imprisonment?

On the 11th of February, 1822, Pellico was told that he was to be immediately taken to the Island of St. Michael of Murano; and, having entered a gondola, he was conveyed thither, and conducted to the prison, where he remained in suspense till the twenty-first of the month. On that day he was brought before the tribunal, who informed him that sentence had been passed on him,—it being rather more than sixteen months since his arrest. Trial and sentence appear to have been sufficiently deliberate. He was then told that he had been condemned to death, but that the emperor, in the exercise of his clemency, had commuted the punishment to fifteen years' of imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg. His quiet demeanor, as he answered, "God's will be done," appears to have favorably impressed his judges, and they allowed him the society of his friend Maroncelli. On the next day the sentence was to be announced in public. This was accordingly done. "At noon on the following day," he records in his narrative, "we were manacled, and, walking between two rows of Austrian soldiers, we arrived at the scaffold, and then looking around us saw in the immense crowd nothing but expressions of terror. In the distance were other soldiers drawn up at various points. We were told that cannon were fixed, with matches ready lighted. The Austrian commander ordered us to turn towards the palace, and raise our eyes. We obeyed, and saw an official of the court upon the terrace, holding a paper in his hand. It was the sentence; he read it aloud. There was a profound silence until the expression, 'Condemned to death!' Then arose a general murmur of compassion. Silence was restored to hear the rest, and a new murmur greeted these words, 'Condemned to close imprisonment—Maroncelli for twenty years, and Pellico for fifteen.'

"The captain made us a sign to descend; we did so, after casting another glance around us. We returned to the palace, remounted the staircase, and entered again the chamber from which we had been taken. Having removed our manacles, we were conducted back to St. Michael, where we had to wait until the return of the commissary of police, who had conducted those already condemned to Lubiana or Spielberg. For him we waited a month. When he arrived and visited us, he said, 'I have the pleasure of being able to afford you some consolation. In returning from Spielberg I saw his Imperial Majesty the emperor, who told me that your days of imprisonment should be twelve hours long, and not twenty-four. It is a mode of intimating to you that the punishment is reduced one-half.' This intelligence was never officially confirmed to us, but there is no probability that the commissary spoke falsely, the more especially as he did not communicate it in secret, but with the consent of the commission.

"On the 10th April we reached our destination. At Spielberg were about three hundred condemned persons, chiefly robbers and murderers, some subjected to hard labor (*carcere dure*), others to the hardest labor (*carcere durissimo*). The *carcere dure* consists in being obliged to work, to drag a chain at the feet, to sleep upon naked boards, and to be fed upon the poorest imaginable nourishment. The *carcere durissimo* consists in being chained in a manner yet more horrible with an iron girdle round the loins, and a chain is fixed in the wall scarcely affording scope to turn on the plank which serves for a bed. The food is the same, although the law prescribes bread and water. We, as prisoners of State, were condemned to the *carcere dure*.

"In this horrible dungeon I very soon became exceedingly ill, which being perceived by the superintendent of the prison in his daily visits of inspection, the physician of the establishment was requested to see me and report on my case. Dr. Bayer found me in a fever, ordered me a straw pallet, and insisted upon their removing me from this subterranean vault to the story above. They could not, as there was no room. But a report having been made to the governor of the provinces of Moravia and Silesia, he replied that, in consequence of the severity of the illness, the orders of the doctor should be followed. Into the chamber which they gave me a little daylight entered, and

creeping to the bars of the narrow window, I could see the valley which the fortress commanded, a part of the town of Brunn, a suburb with a multitude of small gardens, the necropolis, the small lake of the charter-house, and the woody hills which separated us from the celebrated field of Austerlitz.

"At length the physician declared my life in danger, and caused my chains to be removed. For a whole week I got worse and worse. I was delirious day and night. . . . Towards the end of the second week, a crisis occurred in the malady, and all danger vanished. One morning the door opened, and the superintendent ran to me and said, 'We have received permission to give you Maroncelli for a companion, and to allow you to write to your parents.' Maroncelli was conducted to my arms. O what a moment was that! . . . Maroncelli, in his dungeon, had composed a great many verses of superior beauty. He recited them to me, and composed others, while I also composed some which I recited to him, and our memories were exercised in relating all this. We acquired by these a wonderful facility in the composition, from memory, of long poems, a power of polishing, and improving them at repeated intervals, and of bringing them to as high a state of perfection as we could have done by writing them. Maroncelli thus composed by degrees, and committed to memory, several thousands of lyric and epic verses. As for me, I composed the tragedy of 'Leonéro da Dortona' and various other pieces."

So passed the weary years, in a terrible monotony, till the 1st of August, 1830. Long before this, Oroboni, Pellico's fellow-prisoner, had passed away. The seven years and a half originally given as the term of punishment had expired the year before, so that in reality an additional year had been added to the term, and Pellico and Maroncelli by now had given up all hope of again seeing their beloved Italy. On this 1st of August—being Sunday—they were allowed to walk in the usual enclosure, from whence the graveyard—which held more than one of their companions in misfortune—could be seen. When, after their brief respite, they returned to the prison, they were informed that the director of police desired their presence. On appearing before him, he informed them, speaking in a slow, disconnected manner, that the emperor had performed another act of mercy. Then he stopped suddenly. The

necessity for communicating the fact may have been distasteful to him, or he may have thought it best to break the intelligence gradually to the prisoners. At all events, it was only after further circumlocution that he gave them to understand that at last they were to be set at liberty; and after five days had elapsed they quitted the locality in charge—not quite free, even yet—of a commissary of police.

Pellico's health was shattered by his long confinement and privation, and their journey was delayed at Vienna for some days until he had recovered from an attack of fever. Maroncelli left the prison a hopeless cripple. Owing to the encumbrance of his chains he had, some time before, slipped and fallen, injuring his knee so much that a tumor formed which caused him terrible suffering, and eventually necessitated amputation of the leg, though the surgeons had actually to send to Vienna for permission to perform the operation, and for eight days he lay in great agony till the desired order arrived.

On Pellico's recovery they pursued their journey till they reached Mantua, at which place they parted company. Their separation was marked by all the fervor of their Italian blood.

"We scarcely knew what to say," relates Pellico. "An embrace, a kiss, another embrace. He got into the carriage and disappeared: I remained in stupefaction!" Shortly afterwards Pellico arrived once more at Milan. "The commissary," he says, "conducted me to the police, to present me to the director. What oppression of the heart I felt upon again viewing this house, my first prison! How many past bitternesses crowded to my mind! Ah! how I thought of thee with tenderness, O Melchior Gioja, and of the quick steps I saw thee take up and down in these narrow walls, and of the hours thou satst motionless at the table writing thy noble sentiments, and of the signs which thou madest me with thy kerchief, and of the sadness with which thou regardedst me when thou wert prohibited from making signs! And I thought upon thy tomb, where thou liest, ignorant of the numbers of those who loved thee, and I prayed God for the repose of thy spirit."

From Milan, still accompanied by a guard, Pellico went onwards till he reached Novara, where, but now for the first time, he was detained for some days waiting for permission to proceed. It came on the 16th September, and he was

then, to his great joy, freed from the companionship and surveillance of his guard. He passed the night at Vercelli, and on the morning of the ensuing day started with a happy heart for home. His original arrest had taken place on the 13th October, 1820. His return to his home at Turin took place on the evening of the 17th September, 1830. The ten years intervening—the ten best years of his life, for he was born in 1788, and therefore was thirty-two years old when arrested—had been wasted in the prisons of the Hapsburgs. Yet in the narrative of his sufferings we look in vain for those expressions of hatred and revenge which we should expect to find in its pages. If for a moment he yields to anger and gloom, the next moment sees him reproaching himself for such sentiments.

Bred a Catholic, he has yet a kindly word for all of alien faiths. Born an Italian, he has yet forgiveness for the Austrian.

He looks back on the past—its pain, its sorrow, the cells of Venice, the dungeons of Spielberg, the terrible punishment of the carcere dure, the severance of home ties, the loss of happiness and of hope—all undeserved, all unneeded—and yet the last words of his narrative are those of resignation and peace. "For all my past misfortunes and my present happiness, as well as for all the good and evil yet reserved for me, may the Lord be praised! Men and things are in his hands, wonderful instruments for the accomplishment of his divine purposes!"

Truly it may be said of him, as he himself said of others, "Ubi caritas et amor, ibi Deus est!"

From Temple Bar.

MRS. SHELLEY AT PISA.

WE have lately been reminded of the contrast between the indifference (a stronger word might have been used) generally shown towards Shelley in his lifetime, and the eagerness with which every scrap of his writing is now collected. This warm interest certainly extends to every scrap of information about him, his family, and his circle, which is both new and authentic, and Mrs. Shelley's letters have long been regarded as the best source from which any additional particulars can be gleaned.

For some time after leaving England in 1818, she wrote more fully to Leigh

Hunt and his wife than to any other correspondent. "You are the only people," she says, writing on November 25th, 1819, "from whom we receive any letters, except concerning business,"—and the following hitherto unpublished portions of this correspondence (from a portion of the Leigh Hunt MSS. placed some time ago in the hands of Mr. Townshend Mayer) are extremely interesting. They contain Mrs. Shelley's first impressions of Emilia Viviani, immortalized in "Epipsychidion;" of Prince Mavrocordato, Improvisatore Sgricci, and a certain Pisan professor whose name does not appear, but who can unquestionably be identified with Pacchiani, notwithstanding the high praise here bestowed on "the only Italian who has heart and soul."

The Shelleys, it is well known, like all highly imaginative people, made ideals of their friends, and in course of time were usually more or less disappointed by the reality. Hogg, Peacock, Emilia Viviani herself, formed no exceptions to the rule, and in Pacchiani's case the revulsion of feeling was much greater. Medwin tells us that according to Shelley every town or city had its own devil or *diabolesa*; and that "the term *seccatura*, or drying up of all one's faculties, mental and bodily, offers an idea of the effects they produce." He goes on with apparent gravity to describe Pacchiani as "the devil of Pisa," where he was known as *il Signore Professore*, though, like many of his brethren, he had "made a sinecure of his office (that of belles-lettres), and only mounted the cathedra once." He kept his place in society by the general dread of his bitter pen and tongue, obtained the *entrée* to any house he pleased by his wonderful conversational talent, and kept his footing by making himself "generally useful."

He was, says Medwin, "a *mezzano*, *cicerone*, *conoscitore*, *dilettante*, and, I might add, *ruffiano*." In person he was tall and bony, with strongly marked features and gloomy black eyes. He was perpetually quoting what Madame de Staël used to call his *imaginary* tragedies, as not a line of them was ever published. He is credited, however, with vast memory, profound erudition, and sparkling wit; and Shelley is said to have compared his eloquence to that of Coleridge—"a swarm of ideas in a torrent of words." It was this gift, says Medwin, "that made him for a time welcome at Shelley's, where he passed many an evening in the week. I think I see him now, dissecting the snipes with his long, bony,

snuffy fingers — he never used a knife or fork.*

Pacchiani was in the Catholic Church, and confessor to the family of Emilia Viviani; he took Shelley and Medwin to the convent where the contessina was immured, and where Shelley and Mary Shelley used afterwards frequently to visit her. "She was lovely," says Medwin — her profuse black hair was tied in a simple knot like the Greek Muse in the Florentine Gallery, and displayed a forehead white as marble. Her features were Grecian in contour, her eyes changed from dark to light with her changing feelings. It was Pacchiani also, if Medwin's somewhat florid narrative may be trusted, who, some years after Emilia's marriage and Shelley's death, accosted Medwin in Florence, and asking him somewhat mysteriously if he would like to see an old friend, took him to a dilapidated Florentine mansion, where Emilia, separated from her husband, was dying of consumption.

Before giving Mrs. Shelley's letters, it should be noted that her handwriting is peculiar, irregular, and not always very legible,† and most of her letters to the Hunts seem to have been written in haste. The earlier of the two which follow is in Italian, in some passages rather obscure. A translation is given here.

PISA, December 3rd, 1820.

Do you believe, my dear friend, that it is very agreeable to us to write thousands upon thousands of letters, and to receive no reply? Why so cruel? In truth I cannot count the days, the long weeks and still longer months, which have passed without bringing us letters. Marianne and you are equally faithless. Who knows what may have happened to you both?

Perhaps a Lapland sorceress has transported you, not to the sweet airs and lovely scenes of the South, but to some bleak, dismal, inbound land, which has frozen all your love for us.

However that may be, I certainly think that you in England are more hard and severe than we, when I see how few of your nobility defend the unfortunate queen, whom I believe to be perfectly innocent. I feel much pity for that lady; and when one reflects on the great difference between the villainous king and that good, compassionate lady who goes to visit her servant when ill with the plague, one is furious

— he, whose character you have yourself depicted as most wicked; and she, whose greatest fault is that she amused herself with her domestics, instead of remaining in utter solitude when the slavish English nobles had entirely abandoned her. It is well known that it was the spies who excited the sentiment against her which exists in Italy. But notwithstanding that strong feeling, all the Italians say that the evidence was certainly not sufficient to condemn her — and indeed I think they have a much more favorable opinion of her since the trial than before. Every one is horrified at the indecency of this infamous case.*

Whilst writing this we have received a letter from dear Marianne, who tells us that you too had written. But that much-wished-for letter has not yet arrived.

I must tell you, my dear friend, of an acquaintance we have made — a professor at Pisa. He is really the only Italian who has heart and soul. He has high spirit, great genius, and an eloquence that carries one away. The poor Pisans think him mad, and tell so many stories of him that they force one to believe he is at all events rather odd — or, to use an English expression, *eccentric*. He said to me, "They think me mad, and it pleases me that they should so deceive themselves; but perhaps the time may come when they will see that it is the madness of Brutus." He comes to our house every evening, and always delights us with some original ideas. He speaks beautiful Italian, so different from the idiom of to-day that one might fancy oneself listening to Boccaccio or Macchiavelli speaking as they wrote.

Then we have become acquainted with an *improvisatore* — a man of great talent, much knowledge of Greek, and incomparable poetic genius. He improvises with wonderful passion and correctness. His subject was the future destiny of Italy. He recalled how Petrarch had said that neither the lofty Alps nor the sea could defend this decayed and vacillating country from its foreign masters. "But," he said, "I see the Alps grow higher, and the waves mount up in wrath, to hinder the approach of their enemies." Unfortunately, he, like certain poets in our own country, takes more pleasure in the momentary plaudits of a theatre, and in being fêted by the ladies, than in studying for posterity.

You see that as day by day we become acquainted with a few more Italians, we take a

* It is curious to compare this passage with Shelley's disgust at the "mountains of cant . . . about this vulgar cookmaid they call a queen," in Mr. Garnett's article before quoted; and the letter to Peacock (Works of Thomas Love Peacock, vol. iii., p. 469), in which he says, "Nothing, I think, shows the generous gullibility of the English nation more than their having adopted Her Sacred Majesty as the heroine of the day." Mrs. Shelley's remark about the state of feeling in Italy with regard to the trial is, however, fully supported by Byron. "Nobody here believes a word of the evidence against the queen," he writes to Murray from Ravenna. "The very mob cry shame against their countrymen." (Moore's Life of Byron, 3rd edition, vol. iii., p. 23.)

* Life of Shelley, vol. ii. Medwin also says that Mrs. Shelley drew Pacchiani "to the life" in her "Valperga," — probably as Benedetto Pepi — whom she describes as "half a buffoon and half a madman."

† "I wonder what makes Mary think her letter worth the trouble of opening," Shelley asks Mrs. Gisborne; "except, indeed, she conceives it to be a delight to decipher a difficult scrawl. She might as well have put, as I will — 'My dear sir — ???!!!! Yours, etc.'" (Shelley's Memorials, edited by Lady Shelley, p. 141.)

greater interest in the threatened war at Naples. What will they do? The Neapolitan nobles are brave and independent, but the populace are slaves. Who can tell whether the troops would resist the Austrians? Every Italian sighs for liberty, but here as in all countries the poor have no power and the rich are not inclined to risk their money. The Italians love money even more than the English. The wealthy English love gold, but the Italian nobles are enamored of copper and glitter. . . . Their half-farthings receive as much respect from them as shillings do from us.

There is another acquaintance of ours, romantic and pathetic—a girl of nineteen, the daughter of a Florentine noble. She is beautiful and clever, and she writes Italian with an elegance and refinement equalling the best writers of Italy's best period. But she is most unhappy. Her mother is one of the worst of women, and being jealous of the beauty and ability of her daughter, she shuts her up in a convent, where she only sees waiting-maids and fools. Confined to two little rooms looking only on the very unpicturesque kitchen garden of the convent, she unceasingly laments her hard fate. Her only hope is in marriage. But her very existence is almost a secret—so how can she be married? I will tell you, my friend, how marriages are made in this country. And I can vouch for the truth of what I say, because at this very moment, while writing to you, I have before my eyes a proposal for a Pisan girl. The lawyer who was employed to draw it up begins his document thus: . . .

Then follows a rather tedious transcript of a formal proposal of marriage, in which the intending bridegroom's appearance, habits, education, and prospects are fully described, but nothing is asked about the young lady except her age and the amount of her dowry. "Such is an Italian betrothal!" exclaims Mrs. Shelley; adding that although tyrants as regards the marriage of their children, Italian parents are kind and indulgent *nei affari comuni di giorno in giorno*.

Up to this time we have had no winter. We are enjoying soft airs and bright sunshine in December. The autumn rains are over, and the country, though stripped and bare, laughs beneath a radiant sky. Do you, oh, my friend, leave all your woes, and for a few moments enjoy also my beautiful Italy. I hope this letter may have that effect. God keep you, and all those who belong to you. Shelley and Claire send thousands on thousands of affectionate greetings. Farewell.

Your constant friend,

MARINA.

The *improvvisatore* mentioned as a new acquaintance in this letter, and more fully described in the one which follows, was

Sgricci, who, according to Medwin, impressed Byron almost as much as he did the Shelleys. Mrs. Jameson, in her "Diary of an Ennuyée," says Sgricci's genius was considered "almost supernatural." Medwin tells us that he died young, having obtained a pension from government, which "extinguished his powers;" and he adds the humane proverb that "singing-birds must not be too well fed."*

December 29th, 1820.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

We have been very anxious to hear from you since we saw that your paper had been honored with the peculiar attention of the A. G. [Attorney-General], yet no letters come. . . . Before this comes to hand you will of course have written—one of your letters, which are as rare as fountains in the stony Arabia, will have given us a brief pleasure. Why do you not write oftener? Ah, why are you not rich, powerful, and enjoying?

We have just been delighted with a parcel of your "Indicators," but they also afford full proof that you are not so happy as you ought to be. Yet how beautiful they are! The one upon the "Deaths of Little Children" was a piece of as fine writing and as exquisite feeling as I ever read. To us, you know, it must have been particularly affecting.† Yet there is one thing well apparent. You, my dear Hunt, never lost a child, or the ideal immortality would not suffice to your own imagination as it naturally does, thinking only of those whom you loved more from the overflowing of affection than from their being the hope, the rest, the purpose, the support, and the recompense of life.

I hardly know whether I do not tease you with so many letters, yet you have made no complaint of that, and besides, you always like to hear about Italy, and it is almost impossible not to write something pleasing to you from this *divine* country, if praises of its many beauties and its delights be interesting to you.

I have now an account to give you of a wonderful and beautiful exhibition of talent which we have been witnesses of—an exhibition peculiar to the Italians, and like their climate, their vegetation, and their country, fervent, fertile, and mixing in wondrous proportions the picturesque, the cultivated, and the wild—until they become, not, as in other countries, one the foil of the other, but they mingle, and form a spectacle new and beautiful. We were the other night at the theatre, where the *improvvisatore* whom I mentioned in my last letter delivered an extempore trag-

* Life of Shelley, vol. ii., p. 44.

† The Shelleys lost their daughter Clara in the autumn of 1818, and William in June, 1819. In an earlier letter to Mrs. Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Shelley writes, "May you, my dear Marianne, never know what it is to lose two only and lovely children in one year—to watch their dying moments—and then at last to be left childless and forever miserable."

edy. Conceive of a poem as long as a Greek tragedy, interspersed with choruses, the whole conceived in an instant: the ideas and verses and scenes flowing in rich succession, like the perpetual gush of a fast-falling cataract; the ideas poetic and just; the words the most beautiful, *scelte*, and grand that his exquisite Italian afforded. He is handsome — his person small but elegant, and his motions graceful beyond description. His action was perfect, and the freedom of his motions outdo the constraint which is ever visible in an English actor. The changes of countenance were of course not so fine as those I have witnessed on the English stage, for he had not conned his part and set his features. But it was one impulse that filled him — an unchanged deity who spoke within him — and his voice surpassed in its modulations the melody of music.

The subject was "Iphigenia in Tauris." It was composed on the Greek plan (indeed he followed Euripides in his arrangement and in many of his ideas) without the division of acts, and with choruses. Of course if we saw it written, there would be many slight defects of management — defects amended when seen. But many of the scenes were perfect, and the recognition of Orestes and Iphigenia was worked up beautifully.

I do not know how this talent may be appreciated in the other cities of Italy, but the Pisans are noted for their want of love, and of course entire ignorance of the fine arts. Their opera is miserable — their theatre the worst in Italy. The theatre was very nearly empty on this occasion. The students of the university half filled the pit, and the few people in the boxes were foreigners, except two Pisan families who went away before it was half over. God knows what this man would be if he labored and became a poet for posterity instead of an *improvisatore* for the present! I am inclined to think that in the perfection in which he possesses this art, it is by no means an inferior power to that of a *printed poet*. There have been few *improvisatores* (*sic*) who have, like him, joined a cultivated education and acquirements in languages rare among foreigners. If however his auditors were refined, and as the oak or the rock to the lightning, feeling in their inmost souls the penetrative fire of his poetry, I should not find fault with his making perfection in this art the end of his exertions. But to improvise to a Pisan audience is to scatter otto of roses amidst the overpowering stench of a charnel house — pearls to swine were economy in comparison. As Shelley told him the other night, he appeared in Pisa as Dante among the ghosts. Pisa is a city of the dead, and they shrank from his living presence.

The name of this *improvisatore* is Sgricci, and I see that his name is mentioned in your "Literary Pocket-Book." This had made me think that it were an interesting plan for this same pretty Pocket-Book if you were to give some small account, not exactly a biographical sketch, but anecdotal and somewhat critical,

of the various authors on the list. Sgricci has been accused of *carbonarism*, whether truly or not I cannot judge. I should think not, or he would be trying to harvest at Naples instead of extemporizing here. From what we have heard of him, I believe him to be good, and his manners are gentle and amiable, while the rich flow of his beautifully pronounced language is as pleasant to the ear as a sonata of Mozart. I must tell you that some wiseacre professors of Pisa wanted to put Sgricci down at the theatre, and their vile envy might have frightened the god from his temple, if an Irishman who chanced to be in the same box with him (*sic*, query *them*) had not compelled him (*sic*) to silence. The ringleader of this gang is called Rosini, a man, a speaker of folly in a city of fools; bad, envious, talkative, presumptuous, and one — "chi mai parla bene di chichessia, o di *quei* vivono o dei morte." He has written a long poem which no one has ever read, and, like the illustrious Sotheby, gives the law to a few distinguished blues of Pisa. Well, good night. To-morrow I will finish my letter, and talk to you about our unfortunate young friend, Emilia Viviani.

The long account of the contessina which follows, substantially the same as that in the Italian letter already given, will be found in the "Correspondence of Leigh Hunt," vol. i., p. 160. In extracting this passage, beginning with the words, "He has written a long poem," the editor has inadvertently inserted after "He" [Shelley], and after "long poem" [the 'Epipsychidion'], misled apparently by the speedy transition to Emilia Viviani. The singular inappropriateness of describing Shelley as giving the law to the Pisan blues is self-evident. The Italian "Sotheby," so strongly denounced by Mrs. Shelley, is referred to by Medwin as "Rosini, author of that episode to the *Promessi Sposi*, the *Monaca di Monza*."*

Winter began with us on Christmas Day [Mrs. Shelley continues]. Not that we have had hard frost, but a cold wind sweeps over us, and the sky is covered with dark clouds, and the cold sleet mizzles down. I understand that you have had as yet a mild winter. This and the plentiful harvest will keep the poor somewhat happier this year — yet I dare say you now see the white snow before your doors. Even warm as we are here, Shelley suffers a great deal of pain in every way — perhaps more even than last winter.

January 1st, 1821.

Although I always think it of bad augury to wish you a good new year, yet as I finish my

* Medwin's inaccuracy is often deplored by Shelley commentators. The printers seem to have done their utmost to exaggerate it. Speaking of Peacock's well-known poem, "Rhododaphne," Medwin is made to say, "I refer to 'Rhododendron'!"

letter on this day, I cannot help adding the compliments of the season, and wishing all happiness, peace, and enjoyment in this commencing year to you, my dear, dear Marianne, and all who belong to you. I thank you for all the good wishes I know you have made for us. We are quiet now: last year there were many turbulences — perhaps this there will be fewer.

We have made acquaintance with a Greek, a Prince Mauro Cordati* (*sic*), a very pleasant man, profound in his own language, and who, although he has applied to English little more than a month, begins to relish its beauties, and to understand the genius of its expressions in a wonderful manner. He was *done up* by some alliance, I believe with Ali Pacha, and has taken refuge in Italy from the Constantinopolitan bowstring. He has related to us some very infamous conduct of the English powers in Greece, of which I should exceedingly like to get the documents and to place them in Grey, Bennett, or Sir F. B. [Francis Burdett]'s hands. They might serve to give another knock to this wretched system of things.

We are very anxious to hear the event of the meeting of Parliament, as I suppose you are in England. Perhaps we exiles are ultra-political, but certainly I have some hopes that something fortunate will soon happen for the state of things in England.

And Italy? The king of Naples has gone to Troppau with the consent of his Parliament, and that is the latest news. We begin, we hope, to see the crimson clouds of rising peace. And if all is quiet southwards, we have some thoughts of emigrating there next summer. Adieu, my dear Hunt.

Most affectionately yours,

MARINA.

On the side of the letter containing the address, Mrs. Shelley adds a request that "a dozen papers of middle-sized pins, an assortment of good needles, a small pointed pair of scissors, an excellent pen-knife of several blades, a steel-topped thimble, and a few sticks of sealing wax," may be sent to Horace Smith for her. "Add also a few hundreds of *Brama's* pens," she says, "and let the needles be in a very small morocco case, such as they make on purpose for needles."

So ends Mary Shelley's letter; which, like all her letters that we have had the opportunity of reading, confirms Thornton Hunt's statement that the friendship between her and Leigh Hunt "stood the test of many vicissitudes — both persons being very sensitive in feeling, quick in temper, and thoroughly outspoken."

† Prince Maurocordato is called in Moore's "Life of Byron" the only leader of the Greek cause "worthy the name of statesman;" and his name is so inseparably associated with that of Byron that it is startling to find him surviving till 1865.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE POPE AT ROME.

A CHAPEL stands in the Appian Way which is known by the name of "Domine, quo vadis?" It owes its name to one of those legends which, although not always recognized as authentic, nevertheless do so much to surround with romantic interest the events of the early Church. St. Peter, so the legend runs, when a prisoner in Rome, made his escape from his gaolers, and was hastening to a place of safety, when he met his divine Master on the spot where the chapel now stands. "Domine, quo vadis?" — "Master, where goest thou?" asked the Apostle. "I go to Rome," was the reply, "to be crucified anew, since thou hast not the courage to face martyrdom." Humiliated and repentant, St. Peter returned to Rome, re-entered his dungeon, and calmly awaited the time of his crucifixion. No crucifixion awaits Leo XIII. in the palace-prison of the Vatican; but chafing at the loss of the temporal sovereignty, and resenting his inability to smite with the sword of the civil power those who make mock of his spiritual attributes, the successor of St. Peter threatens to fly from the Eternal City. According to M. H. G. Montferrier, who writes from Rome to the *Journal des Débats*, all the preparations for his departure are complete. The inventory of the treasures of the Vatican is drawn up in readiness for transmission to the ambassadors accredited to the Holy See. But there are so many reasons against his departure that it is extremely doubtful whether he will go. Cardinal Billio, says M. Montferrier, is strongly opposed to the flight from Rome, and he is said to be using with great effect the precedent of the arrested flight of St. Peter to prove that St. Peter's successor should only abandon his bishopric when constrained by brute force. As no one proposes to lay a finger upon the pope he finds it difficult to desert his diocese.

The air has been filled with rumors — now officially contradicted — of negotiations between Prince Bismarck and the Vatican, negotiations which were supposed to point to German intervention on behalf of the prisoner of the Vatican. Pamphlets have been published under the highest auspices, intimating that as the pope in the Vatican did not feel comfortable with the king in the Quirinal the latter had better remove himself without more ado from the capital of Italy. Various devices were discussed in "influential political circles" for restoring the tem-

poral power of the pope, at least so far as the city of Rome and its seaport were concerned. It was understood that the pope was willing to accept such an irreducible minimum, and to establish a *modus vivendi* with the Italian government on that basis. Even when politicians made no such imaginative flights as are involved in the supposition of discrowning united Italy by the sacrifice of her historical capital, they talked of replacing the Italian Law of Guarantees by an international treaty, or at the very least of a thorough revision of that law in a sense favorable to the papacy. It is very easy to see how such stories could be put about, but it is very difficult to see how any one of them could be realized. The pope is surrounded by ecclesiastics the dream of whose lives is the re-establishment of the temporal power. Mr. Gladstone wrote of them six years ago: "It is the fixed purpose of the secret inspirers of Roman policy to pursue by the road of force the favorite project of re-erecting the terrestrial throne of the popedom, even if it can only be re-erected on the ashes of the city and amid the whitening bones of its people." There is no combination too grotesque, no alliance too strange, if only it promises to bring them nearer the attainment of their cherished ideal. There is, of course, no saying what sovereigns and statesmen may not do when they are in straits, and both Prince Bismarck and M. Gambetta might in certain circumstances be willing to use the pope as their tool even if they had to give him Rome as his price. But these circumstances have not yet risen, and unless a war with Italy were resolved upon it is difficult to see how they could arise. The support of the Vatican is worth something, no doubt, even to the czar of Russia; but it is trifling with facts to pretend that it is worth any one's purchasing at the price of a war with Italy. It is impossible for any Italian government to consent willingly either to the re-establishment of the temporal power, which would destroy the unity of Italy, or to the intervention of any foreign State in her internal affairs, which would be equally fatal to her independence. The only possibility of any arrangement being amicably arrived at would be from the desire of Italy to purchase an alliance—say with Germany—by modifying the *status quo*, so as to make the pope more accessible to the ironclads and soldiers of her ally and herself. That arrangement might suit Italy:

it could hardly be expected that it would suit the pope. Yet it is in that direction, and in that direction alone, that any change can be made without provoking a war which would cost more than the support of the pope would be worth. Leo XIII. will do well to let well alone.

But we shall be told it is not well—it is "intolerable." The pope says his trials are becoming every day more unbearable. But if there is progression in evil, its term has not yet been reached, and the pope may go farther and fare worse. The recent policy of his party has not been calculated to remove the troubles of which he complains. Ever since the clericals, without the cognizance and against the wishes of the pope, converted the ceremony of the removal of Pio Nono's remains into a political demonstration, feeling has been rising higher on both sides. But from the first to the last nothing has been done to molest the pope. An American who had taken part in quelling the riots in the North when Gettysburg was being fought declared that, if the Roman mob which hooted and jostled the clerical demonstration on the night of the 13th of July had been a New York mob under similar provocation, the body of the pope would have been flung into the Tiber, and but few of the ecclesiastics would have been left to tell the tale. As it was at the beginning so it has been to the end. All that the pope could allege in his address to the cardinals on Christmas Eve was that the ceremony of the canonization was shorn of its pomp and splendor; that "some of those at Rome" ridiculed the ceremony and the saints; and, lastly, that the pilgrims were exposed to "the violence of the populace." But no violence was used to speak of, and what there was the pilgrims brought upon themselves by denouncing Italy in the hearing of Italians. If the pope has no worse grievances than these to complain of he has but slight claim upon our sympathies. The fact that he regards as indispensable to the free exercise of his spiritual authority the power to suppress free speech and gag the press—for in no other way can these "insults" be prevented—is not calculated to evoke much enthusiasm in favor of the restoration of his temporal dominions. He would have a much better chance of securing a real independence if he were to send his supporters to the polls at the next general election in Italy, and to make terms with a clerically inclined Parliament on the basis of the

status quo, ameliorated by a large increase of the annual grant from the Italian Exchequer. P.

From St. James's Gazette.
BURMESE LACQUER-WARE.

FOR a long time it was assumed that Japanese and Chinese lacquered goods were simply papier-mâché. A popular fancy for the ware has brought to the knowledge of all who care for the information that it is really wood of different kinds painted over with the juice of the urushi-tree. Should fashion ever inspire a similar enthusiasm for Burmese productions of the same kind, it is probable that it may be supposed that these also are composed of solid wood, and people will wonder at the extreme thinness and flexibility of the finer specimens. But it is only the coarsest ware which is thus produced. All the better boxes and cups are made of a woven basket-work of slips of bamboo. The varnish used on them is, like the Japanese lacquer, the sap obtained from the stem of a tree, and has nothing whatever to do with the insect-produced lac, such as English varnishers employ in solution with alcohol. I am not botanist enough to know whether the urushi (*Rhus vernicefera*), the Japanese tree, is identical with the Burman thit-see (*Melanorrhæa usitatissima*), or even whether it is of the same genus or order. Thit-see (literally tree-oil) is dark in color from the moment it is gathered, whereas the urushi sap is described as being light yellow when first extracted, and only turning black after considerable exposure to the air. The urushi has been cultivated by royal order for hundreds of years in Japan; but in Burma no one troubles himself much about national manufactures, and the *thit-see bin* grows wild in the jungle; and not even near Nyoung Oo, where nearly every household in the town is occupied in the trade, not even there do I remember seeing a regular plantation of the trees. Nevertheless it is plentiful enough, and affords a magnificent spectacle when it is in flower—a huge forest tree covered so thickly with creamy-white blossoms that the leaves cannot be seen. The flowers have a fragrant scent not unlike that of apples, and the needy and practical Burman often makes a very acceptable curry of the buds. In full-grown trees the average height to the first branch is thirty feet, and the ordinary girth, six feet

from the ground, is nine feet. Charcoal-burners have a predilection for the wood which would not meet with approval in Japan; and it is much used for anchors and tool-helves, being very close and fine-grained. It is too heavy to float when green, but dried it is not particularly weighty. The sap may be collected at all times, except when the fruit is on the trees, from Pyatho to Taboung—the first three months of the English year. Then it is thin, and does not produce such a brilliant polish. The collection is simple enough. Incisions are made in the stem, and the sap trickles into bamboos placed to catch it; when it is to be kept any time there must be a depth of two or three inches of water on the top, otherwise it would dry up and become solid. The water, however, does not improve it. The best varnish—*thit-see a-young tin*—is that which has been just drawn from the tree; second quality contains twenty-five per cent. of water, and inferior as much as fifty.

The articles made are chiefly drinking-cups and betel-boxes, consisting of a cylindrical inner case, in which are fitted two or three trays for holding the lime, betel-vine leaves, cutch, nuts, and other ingredients for betel-chewing, the whole covered by an outer lid reaching to the bottom of the inner case. Ordinary *kohn-itt* betel-boxes are three or four inches high and two and a half to three in diameter. Articles of the same shape are made of all sizes up to a couple of feet or more in height, these last being used for holding clothes and women's working materials. The *bee-itt*, ladies' toilet-boxes, are often the most delicate and carefully worked. The actresses always carry splendid specimens about with them to contain their combs, oils, scent, the white lead and *thana'kha* for the complexion, and a few tresses of false hair. Other articles are the pyramidal *tamin-sa oht*, used for carrying food to the monasteries and the pagodas, fashioned somewhat in the style of the sacred spires of five or seven roofs, and of all sizes, from eighteen inches to the huge things, the height of a man, which the king sends under the royal umbrellas to the Arrakan Pagoda in Mandalay. *Byat*, platters of all sizes, up to the gigantic article as big as a small table used for dishing up the family dinner, are always made of wood, like the Japan ware. The Burmans do not think much of them, and they are therefore almost always quite plain—either black or red. There is no inferiority to the Japanese in capacity for

making fantastic designs; and the future may see great developments in this branch of the art.

The process of manufacture is as follows. Little basket-like boxes of the required size and shape are woven of fine bamboo wicker-work, upon round pieces of wood prepared and firmly fixed for the purpose. The bamboos used, which are usually split and cleaned by the women and children, are of different kinds, that called *myin wah* being the most highly esteemed. Similarly the *yet*, or woven basket-work, is of different degrees of excellence, the *kyoung lehn yet* being the finest. Some of the Shan and the better workmen at Nyoung Oo are celebrated for the delicacy of their work. On this is then evenly applied with the hand (so that the slightest particle of sand or dirt may be at once detected) a coat of the pure wood-oil. This is then put away to dry — not in the sun, which is apt to pucker and blister it, but in a cool, airy place. Some careful workmen have often an underground room prepared specially for the purpose. After three days it is quite dry, and is then liberally and evenly covered over with a paste called *thahyoh*. This is made in a variety of ways; the commonest being a mixture of finely sifted teak sawdust, thit-see, and rice-water. But instead of the sawdust, or often mixed with it, finely ground bone-ash, or paddy-husk burnt and strained through a cloth, is kneaded in. In the coarse common articles for every-day use, tempered clay and some other materials are often used; but this, being thicker and less putty-like, is apt to scale and come off in flakes, especially if at all roughly used. This *thahyoh* is allowed to dry quite hard, and the box is then fastened to a rude lathe, which is turned with one hand while the other is employed in polishing the box. This smoothing-down is effected with sifted ashes, or sometimes with a piece of silicious bamboo, which is as good as fine sand-paper. When this is done the box is ready for a fresh coat, which almost invariably consists of a mixture of finely powdered bone-ashes and thit-see. This, after drying, is polished in the same way as before. We have now a box of a brilliant glossy black, in itself very pretty, and fit for use anywhere. But this is only the end of the first stage: none but the *hyat* and common wooden platters are left in this state.

The ground-color of almost all the cups and boxes is red; but some of the black wood-oil is required to rise through it and define the pattern. This is effected in a

most ingenious way. The black box is put on the lathe again and turned round, while the lines and spots, and the form of the black pattern generally, is sketched on with a *soht*, or split style, charged with thit-see. The drawer has no guide but his eye. There is no preliminary mapping out, yet a practised hand will never make a mistake and spoil a box. The fresh thit-see thus put on stands up above the general level of the surface. The whole box is now covered with red paint; and when this is dry the box is put on the lathe again, and the operator turns it round and rubs it steadily with ashes. By this means the red paint is removed where the lines of thit-see rise above the general surface, and the black pattern stands out clearly on the red ground. A quaint chequer-work is also always produced, where the slightly projecting edges of the bamboo wicker-work raise the black wood-oil through the vermilion layer. Still, however, we are not finished. No box is complete without three colors; and this last shade is applied in an equally simple and effective way. The desired pattern is incised with a graving-tool called a *kouk* — often nothing more elaborate than a pin firmly tied to a piece of stick. Then the whole box is coated over with the new color, and this is in its turn polished off on the lathe till nothing remains but the lines of the engraved pattern. If another color is required, a similar process is gone through.

When the design is complete a clear varnish of another vegetable oil, called *shan-shee*, with a little thit-see in it, is applied, and, if necessary, a high polish is effected by rubbing with the powdered petrified wood found so useful in imparting a gloss to the alabaster images. The patterns are none of them very intricate, and are handed down as heirlooms from father to son, so that the same family will have all its ware made on a few clearly defined models, and there is no fear of "spoiling a set." The invention does not as yet soar beyond scroll-work and line-figures of infinite variety; but should a foreign demand spring up there would be no lack of skill to meet it; just as the Rangoon tattooers have taken to copying pictures out of the *Graphic* on English sailors' breasts. The supreme test of excellence in the manufacture is when the sides will bend in till they touch without cracking the varnish or breaking the wicker-work. Connoisseurs can discriminate between Shan, Nyoung Oo, and the ware of other places by the shadow thrown

on the inside (which is varnished plain red or black) when the cup or box is held at an angle of forty-five. Three colors only are used besides the black ground-work; but variety is produced by varying their intensity of shade. They are red, green, and yellow. Red is prepared from finely ground vermilion mixed with shanshee. The Nyoung Oo people prefer a vermilion called *hinthapadee ynd*, prepared by themselves, to that procured from China and used elsewhere. The home-made stuff seems to be much brighter in tint. *Myay-nee*—red ochre—is used only with the coarsest work. For yellow, yellow orpiment is ground down and washed several times until a pure, impalpable powder remains. This is mixed with a pellucid gum, and when required for use worked up with shanshee. Green is obtained by adding finely ground indigo to the yellow orpiment until the required tint is obtained. Red and yellow are, however, always the predominating colors.

The thit-see is turned to a variety of other uses besides the manufacture of lacquer-work. Applied to wood, or to marble and clay images, it enables them readily to take on gilding. It is used to varnish all the umbrellas in the country, and makes them as impervious to rain as if they were made of wood, while it protects the palm-leaf against the rays of the sun, which otherwise would burn it as brittle as an egg-shell. All the racing and war boats in the country are painted with it, and the best caulking in the world could not make them more water-tight. Finally, boiled down thick it furnishes the material for delineating the square, heavy characters of the sacred Kamma-Wah-Sah, the ritual for admission to the Sacred Order.

The oil is usually put in the sun for a short time before being used, and is at first of a light-brown color, soon darkening into a brilliant black. It seems to be of a particularly mordant character, and raises huge blisters on the hands of some people, leaving marks of the ashy-white color suggestive of leprosy. Hence strangers suspected of being afflicted with the terrible malady always declare they are thit-see workers; and many people avoid these latter, in case they might find they had been holding communication with an outcast. A lotion composed of fine teak-wood sawdust, mixed with a little water, is used as a cure for the blains. Many of the workmen periodically swallow small doses of the wood-oil, under the impres-

sion that it acts as a preventive. The capriciousness with which the varnish acts, leaving some men quite unharmed and punishing others severely, has given rise to a proverb in Nyoung Oo:—

Thit-see is a witness
To a burgher's fitness:
If bad he's marked an outcast,
If good not long can doubt last.
SHWAY YOE.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
THE GIUSTINIANI.

THE Giustiniani are one of the few noble Venetian houses which still survive. They belong to the twenty-four original families who ruled as tribunes over the Venetian islands, and can prove a progenitor in the middle of the eighth century. But not content with this respectable antiquity, they have sought a mythic pedigree, and trace their descent through eleven emperors of Constantinople back to Justinian, from whom they claim their name, and, further still, to the founders of Athens. This is certainly ancient enough, and surpasses the descent of the Gordons, who are said to have come "from Greece to Gaul and thence into Scotland," or the pedigree of a famous Sir James Stewart of Kirkfield (temp. 1600) who claimed to be "fifty-fourth in descent from Fergus I. of Scotland, contemporary of Alexander the Great and Darius the Mede." To have gone much further back would have been dangerous, for it would have brought these noble families within a measurable distance of Adam.

The consecutive history of the Giustiniani begins in the year 1170, and begins with a story which at once gives them a distinction, for it has not fallen to the lot of many noble houses to possess the blood of a *beato* in their veins. The Venetians were at war with the emperor Manuel I., and the whole family of Giustiniani followed their doge to the Levant except one lad Nicolò, who was a monk in a monastery on the Lido. The Venetians took the island of Chios; but while wintering there a fierce plague broke out among the fleet, so that the doge returned to Venice the following year with only sixteen ships out of a hundred and twenty. In this expedition the whole stock of the Giustiniani had been killed either by plague or in battle, and the family seemed doomed to extinction. But the loss of such a vigorous race was deemed a public

calamity; the government therefore petitioned the pope to release Nicolò from his vows and to allow him to marry. The pope assented. Nicolò was formally made a layman once more, and married the doge's daughter. They had a family of nine sons and three daughters. After thus re-establishing his house upon this solid basis, Nicolò retired again to his cloister, where he won such a reputation for holiness that after his death the Church bestowed on him the title of "Blessed Confessor." His wife founded a nunnery on one of the islands near Torcello, where she died. The people gave her the rank of her husband; she was afterwards known as the "Blessed Ann."

The family thus strangely preserved continued to flourish, and to such good purpose that in the sixteenth century there were as many as fifty different branches of the Giustiniani, and two hundred nobles of Venice bore that name. They counted among their illustrious two more *beati* and a saint, Lorenzo, first patriarch of Venice. Lorenzo lived in a palace of his family well known to most visitors to Venice, for it is now the Albergo Europa; and here the company of "the hose," in the days of its greatest splendor, gave many celebrated entertainments. The Giustiniani were prominent members of this famous club, called "of the hose" from the tight-fitting breeches which the companions wore. The uniform of a certain Francesco Giustiniani is recorded by the chroniclers; he wore hose of which the left leg was crimson and the right divided lengthwise in azure and violet, and embroidered with a cypress bough. The family owned many other palaces in various quarters of the city; but the two most notable are those which stand at the corner of the Grand Canal where it turns towards the Rialto. One of them now goes by the name of the Palazzo Foscari, because it was bought by that unfortunate doge; but it was really built by members of the Giustiniani house. On the strength of their alleged descent from Theodora, sister of Justinian, the family placed their arms on the front of their palace thus: on an eagle displayed or, a shield azure, a fesse or; much as the Earls of Denbigh bear their arms, only the eagle of the Austrian Empire is black, while the imperial bird of Constantinople is golden. The Council of Ten, however, called the family to order, and forbade any Venetian nobleman for the future to display either lilies or eagles. Not the least remarkable point in the history of the Giustiniani is

that which connects them with two noble English houses, Clifford and Radcliffe, and makes the Giustiniani-Bandini of Rome holders of the earldom of Newburgh. This branch of the family left Venice very early. They are descended from Piero, grandson of the Blessed Nicolò, the savior of his house. Piero was lord of Chios, but his family were driven out by the Turks, and sought refuge in Rome. The earldom of Newburgh passed by a succession of heiresses into the family of Charles, titular Earl of Derwentwater, and brother to James, the ill-starred earl who lost his head in 1716 on Tower-hill — where Charles also shared the same fate in 1746 — through the families of Clifford of Chudleigh and Mahony into that of Giustiniani-Bandini where it now rests. A far cry for a Scotch earldom!

The family had its share of soldiers, men of letters, and doubtful characters; all of them noted with equal impartiality in the family tree. They broke into convents, brawled, stabbed, fought, and wrote; they served their country in many capacities, but only one of them reached the highest dignity in the State. Marcantonio was doge in the year 1687, when Morosini took the Morea — the last achievement of Venetian arms — and when a Venetian bomb destroyed the Parthenon. There is a curious and rare medal of this doge, struck to commemorate the alliance of the emperor, the king of Poland, and the Venetians against the Turk. On the obverse stand the three contracting parties holding a chain in a circle between them. On the reverse the eagle of Poland is picking out the eyes of a hound, while the lion of St. Mark tears its forequarters; the Imperial eagle flutters its wings over the whole. The meaning is explained by this legend, which would surely satisfy the most bitter and modern hater of the Turk: —

Durch diesem Bund
Der Turcken Hund
Mus gehn zu grund.

The seventeenth century proved disastrous to the Gustiniani; and out of the fifty branches of this noble house only four remain. They were characteristically represented in the last act of the republic by a hero and a traitor. Angelo Giustiniani withstood Napoleon to his face at Treviso, and armed the citizens against him, while his kinsman Leonardo was urging the Senate to surrender to the conqueror and to abolish that aristocratic government of which his own family had been such famous members.

From Modern Thought.
MENTAL WORK.

MENTAL work can, as a rule, only be carried out for lengths of time and successfully by persons who are originally of very sound constitution. There are very few exceptions to this rule, and in making this observation I am speaking from an experience which few possess, inasmuch as for a long part of my professional life I have been brought specially into contact with those who are engaged in almost all the departments of literature. My experience is that those who are not habitually strong and have fair health pass out of the work of literature altogether, some by death, but far more by transition into other spheres of labor. I am quite aware, of course, that there are exceptions to this rule, and that some very bright and great characters in letters have not been of the healthiest type. Pope has often been adduced in illustration of this fact, and Johnson, and Cowper, and Keats. But these must really be taken as exceptions, and in regard to Johnson I should infer that, although he was of a nervous lymphatic temperament, and of strenuous diathesis, yet that he was very strong, that he had the facility of acquiring rest and strength through prolonged lethargy, and was capable of sustaining periods of excessive fatigue; that he wrote "Rasselas" in three weeks is perhaps a sufficient proof of this supposition. Putting aside the exceptions, the evidence of the general rule is extraordinarily clear. Defoe must have been a model of strength and endurance; Scott could hardly have been less favored; Newton, though delicate, was always healthily active when he could get his eight to nine hours of sleep; Christopher Wren must have been a marvel of strength, and in a word all in the main who have lived to influence the world by their thought have originally had the sound mind based on the sound body. Here, then, alone we have a basic reason why mental workers should, on the whole, present a good range of longevity. A second explanation of the advantages of mental work is that such work, by the love of it, by the absorption in it which it brings to the worker, relieves the mind from the corroding influence of the passions, and saves thereby the wear and tear of life in the most extreme degree. A poor man of letters is, in fact, far better

off in respect to health than a rich man, who is fighting to amass and to hold his riches. There is nothing like it as a means of retirement from the hurry-scurry of life. Harriet Martineau, it will be remembered by many, tells in her autobiography how she would sometimes sit down to literature, and looking up at the clock, would discover that several hours had passed away, as if they had been minutes rather than hours, and I can for my own part fully bear out this kind of experience. I do not say that this degree of absorption is in itself intrinsically good; I am sure that by the interruption of physical activity which it induces, it is a source of injury, but it is safely compared with the bustle, strain, expectation, and hazard connected with other forms of human labor. A third explanation is that mental work, except when carried to extremes, favors nutritive changes, and at the same time prevents the worker from indulging in hurtful luxuries and modes of life that interfere with the performance of successful work. The successful mental laborer is soon made conscious of the truth that if he indulges heavily at the table, that if he partakes freely of wine or other strong drink, that if he reduces his hours of sleep below the natural requirement, he cannot perform his necessary amount of labor, and that what is done under such circumstances fails to come up to the mark, and had better have been let alone altogether. So it occurs that our best men, those who leave behind them the records that live in history, pursue more even lives than their fellows, and in that way attain a greater length of days. A further explanation of the advantages of mental work is supplied in the circumstance that mental workers are not exposed to physical shocks and vicissitudes of weather like persons engaged in less protracted occupations. They may travel, and many of them do travel far and wide—it is a propensity with them to see the world—but travel, in their case, partakes of refined pleasure, in which they are pursuing their avocation with variety of thought and observation, and by which the weariness of travel is greatly alleviated; while in their own homes they are protected from extremes of heat and cold, and are enabled to live a methodical life, with regularity of meals, and regularity of times for recreation, rest, and sleep.